

# Mexican Life

Mexico's Monthly Review

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JANUARY, 1954

No. 1, Vol. XXX



Water Color

By Ramón Valdiosera

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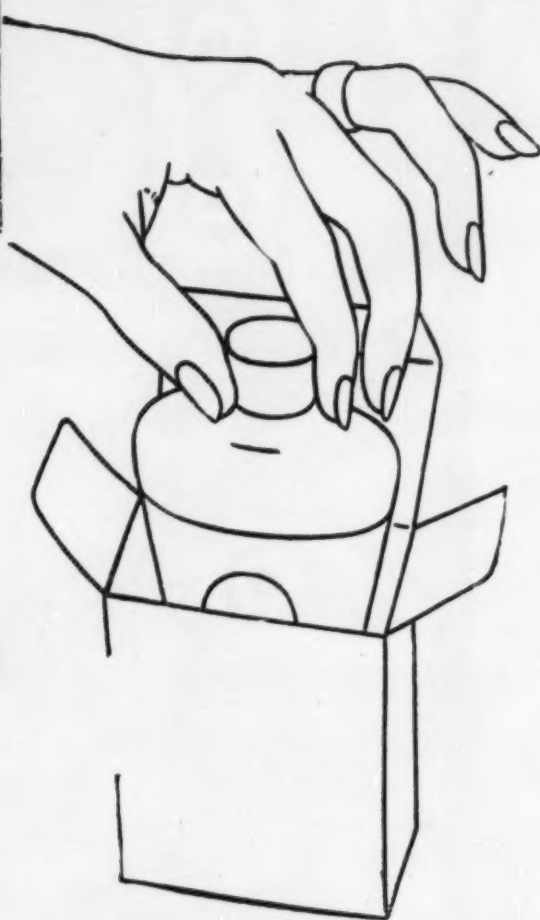
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## Mexican Life

*Mexico's Monthly Review*

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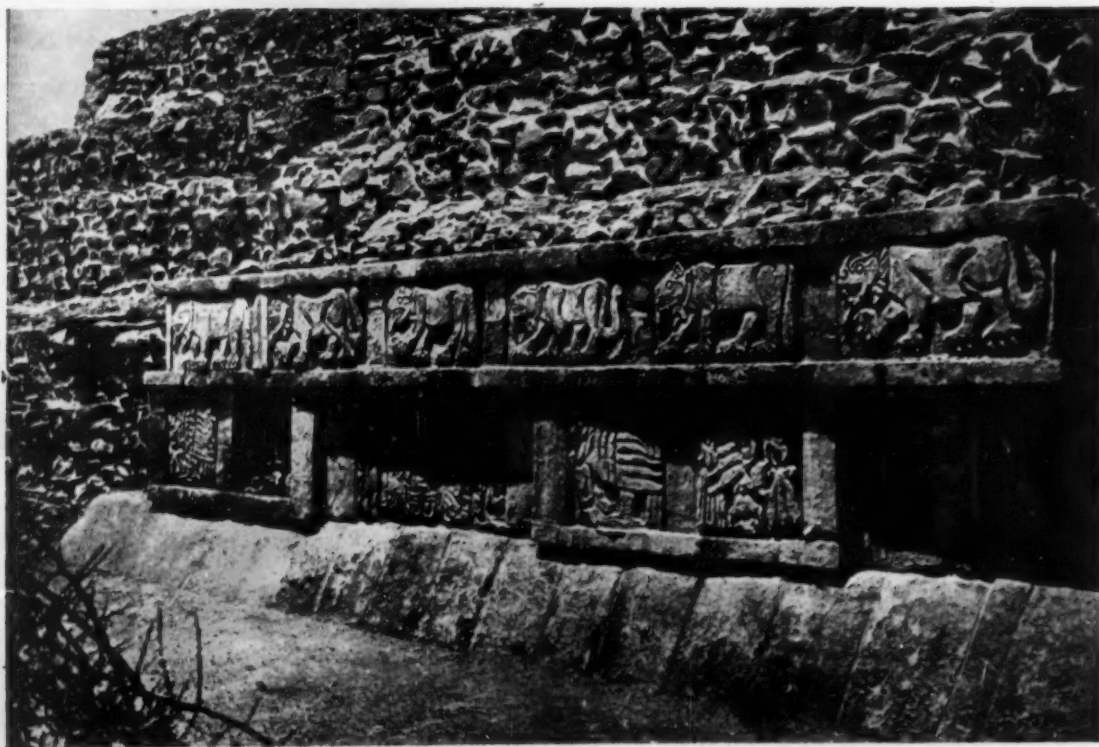
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HOWARD S. PHILLIPS

ECIICR

## Prospects for 1954

**M**ANIFESTING its confidence in Mexico's immediate economic future—a confidence founded on thorough and accurate studies of prevalent conditions—the government has set its budget for 1954 at four billion, eight hundred and twenty-seven million pesos, which is six hundred and sixty-seven million pesos above that of the foregone year and is the largest in the nation's annals. It is highly significant that this important increase in federal expenditures is to be achieved with but a slight corresponding increase in the norms of taxation—that the anticipated increase in revenues is to ensue from an increased volume of national production. The growth of federal income is, in other words, a normal result of a growing national economy, which, on the other hand, is to a great extent the result of the constructive program the government has carried out in the past.

In order to enlarge the scope of this constructive program, more than a third of the entire budget, or a sum of one billion, four hundred and forty million pesos, has been assigned for public works, mainly for the termination of projects under construction, and preferably of those which offer the greatest assurance of paying for themselves within the shortest period of time in terms of new production.

The largest item in the year's budget, representing more than nine hundred and sixty-six million pesos, has been apportioned to the Ministry of Communications and Public Works. This major appropriation defines the determination of President Ruiz Cortines to enlarge the means of communication through the entire national territory, as the indispensable instrument of social and economic progress.

The program of the Ministry of Communications and Public Works includes the termination during this year of super-highways from Mexico City to Acapulco and from Mexico City to Queretaro, the construction of numerous shorter roads that will form a network interlinking with the cross-country highways, and the rehabilitation and maintenance of existing highways. Work will be continued at an accelerated pace on the construction of the important railway between Durango and Mazatlán, while a thorough rehabilitation will be carried out on the Sureste and the Sonora-Baja California railways.

The second largest item in the federal budget for the next twelve months, that of six hundred and fifty-one million, six hundred and sixty-four thousand pe-

sos, has been assigned to the services on the public debt. This appropriation, as explained by the Ministry of Finance, provides for all internal and external commitments, and will serve to maintain the high standing of Mexico's international credit by punctually meeting the government's outstanding obligations.

The disbursement for the Ministry of Education, amounting to six hundred and six million, six hundred and thirty thousand pesos, as against four hundred and seventy-nine million, six hundred and eighty-five thousand pesos in the foregone year, stands third on the list. More than half of this sum will be spent on increasing the facilities for primary education, by building new schools and greatly enlarging the number of teachers. The government will continue with greater vigor its sustained campaign against illiteracy, which according to the 1950 census still affected 42.5% of the population.

A total sum of two hundred and thirty-four million, four hundred and ninety-five thousand pesos has been apportioned for public health services, such as construction and maintenance of clinics, dispensaries and hospitals, supervision of food products and sanitation of insalubrious regions.

Reflecting the government's aim to enlarge the nation's agricultural production, a total amount of five hundred and sixteen million, two hundred and fifty-five thousand pesos has been assigned to the Ministry of Hydraulic Resources, nearly all of which will be invested in the construction of large or small irrigation systems in different parts of the country that will add at least half a million hectares to the country's tillable area. In pursuit of the same aim, one hundred and forty fifty-nine million pesos will be invested in creating new electric power generating plants, and eighty-six million pesos on subsidies, promotion and regulation of industry and commerce.

It may be seen from the foregone that, in keeping with the principles and aims announced by President Ruiz Cortines when he assumed his high authority a year ago, his government's program for 1954 is largely confined to projects of social and economic betterment—that, in other words, the money it gathers from the population in the form of taxes is being invested in the creation of a more efficient machine of production and of more ample facilities for imparting education, safeguarding health, and in every other way elevating the standards of common existence.

# The Lost Cowbell

By Dane Chardos

CAYETANO appeared in my room, wearing a wide leather belt stretched tightly round his chest.

"Several months ago, señor, when I was carrying sacks of cement for the henhouse, I felt the pain. It has not left me, and now it is much worse."

I suggested he see a doctor.

"There's a señor here in the village who knows how to compose this," said Cayetano. "I went to him, and he said, yes, I was open in the chest."

"What does that mean?"

"It is what happens when you strain yourself. And I want to go to him that he may compose me, so can I have the morning off? And I was wondering, señor, if you didn't have a little bottle, because I want to buy some cooking oil?"

"What d'you want cooking oil for?"

"That is what he uses, pues. He puts it on the chest, all over the body, rubbing like this, until all the bones click into place and then I am composed."

So we had a manipulative surgeon in Ajijic. And the report on his practice showed him to be intelligent. In the afternoon Cayetano appeared again. He still wore the strap and was carrying half a dozen whitefish strung on a willow branch.

"He massaged and rubbed, señor, until my bones thundered, and I was open of the head, and of the chest, and of the back, here high, and here low down. And all my bones cracked and roared like thunder, down in my feet and legs too, for I was open there as well, and he made me bend my legs, and I must lie down today, and after tomorrow I go to him again, and I said I had to go to Chapala carrying things, and he said that would not harm me if I wore my belt like this, but that tomorrow I should not work, so I must work on Sunday instead."

"And how much is all this going to cost, Cayetano?"

"I do not know, señor, but it will be little, for d'you know who it is? It's that Guadalupe Paz to whom you lend money. And he says to say that he has a piece of land there by his house, left him by his aunt, and he mortgaged it for thirty pesos, and he has all the papers, but the man to whom he mortgaged it won't let him put his animals there, though Lupe clearly has the right, and he would pass the land to you for little or for nothing, for then he would have to go, and he could put his animals back there. And he gives you these whitefish, señor, as a present."

"How nice."

"And he sends to say that now is due the repayment of the loan he owes us—ten pesos, would it be?"

I said nothing, and it irked Cayetano, who likes to know the amount of others' indebtedness, especially when he himself is in funds.

"He can't throw a hand to the centavos in effective, but he offers to sell us a thousand bricks at the price of San Antonio, some of which he will give us."

"Well, bricks cost fifty pesos a thousand now, so he can give me two hundred if he likes."

Cayetano considered this for a moment. Then, "How much would that be, pues?"

"The amount of the loan. Now you can work out how much he owes."

"But he wants to sell a thousand."

"I don't want a thousand. I'm buying bricks

Continued on page 64



Water Color.

By Charles X. Carlson.



# The Semi-Final

By Herbert Joseph Mangham

ELSA glanced briefly across the table. What she saw did not charm her. Ed's face jutted like an asymmetrical block of granite, broad and geometrical, all straight lines and angles, with an irregular little pyramid for a nose. Like so many boxers', his face was at the same time hard and childlike. Just now it was harder and less childlike than usual. As she analyzed his expression, an impulse rolled voluptuously under her consideration like a cat in the sun. But instead of smacking him, she threw out another conversational hook.

"You'd never know you were in Mexico!" She looked about the restaurant approvingly. Theirs was one of a row of booths that matched exactly the row that lined the opposite wall. A platoon of square tables marched three abreast down the center. A walnut stain darkened the wainscoting and booths, but the table tops and walls shone with laboratory whiteness. The glass front of an American icebox by the kitchen momentarily halted her inventory with a revelation of neatly stacked steaks, fruits and desserts. The American manager, busy and efficient in two languages, glistened as antiseptically as the tables. His barbering was the masterwork of a talented haircrafter. He took a roll from a table and gave it to a rumpled old man who had just sidled in, herding him impatiently toward the door. "You'd hardly know," she amended, noting the short, dark waiters and the scattering of middle class Mexicans among the customers.

"Yeh."

Ed speaking. Elsa paused in her examination as if struck by a thought, and then turned away from the room. Her chin creased as she looked down at the plateau of her bosom. After removing a bit of custard with a knife, she rubbed the spot with a dampened napkin. "The caramel cream pie was good," she said. "Awful good. The steak, too. I guess I'm just a little country girl, but I can't go Mexican food."

Ed's eyes moved slowly from her bosom to her full, rouged lips and cheeks, the bleached hair carefully fluffed around the small cerise hat, and the wide blue eyes. "Wipe your chin, too," he said.

She looked at him, and then lowered her eyes. She judged his moods with such infallibility that they never alarmingly affected her steering. This was the time for a soft word. Taking a mirror from her purse, she passed the napkin across her face. "There now, is that all right?" Her smile couldn't have been brighter. At least, he had uttered one sentence.

"Yeh."

"Cuautla, the name of that place where you have your first fight—do I pronounce it right now?"

"Yeh."

"Well, I am proud of myself. I'll be glad when we get back to the good old U.S.A. so I won't have to struggle with these awful names any more. But of course, if you win this fight, you will get lots of others, and then you will get lots of offers to come back to the United States..." Ed shifted slightly and her sentence ended in a clearing of the throat. Neither had mentioned the possibility of his not making good in Mexico, and neither had considered the future if he failed. No more limelight, no more adulation, a search for a job and what kind of a job?... These were all ideas that barely impinged on her consciousness, and then no oftener than she could

avoid. Quickly she changed the tack. "Of course, you will win the fight. Mr. Martínez says there is no one of your weight in Mexico that can stand up to you, and he should know. I think Martínez is a right guy, don't you?"

"Yeh."

"Oh, do say something besides 'yeh'!" She replaced the mirror and snapped her purse shut. Her tone stayed carefully this side of impatience. "You've said nothing but 'yeh' all day!"

"You don't like my conversation?" he suggested.

"Now, Ed!" Her coffee cup clattered slightly against the saucer as she picked it up. "Please let's don't fight tonight! Please!"

"I thought you liked fights. You start enough of 'em."

She turned with deliberation to look over her cup at the people along the opposite wall. Everybody seemed absorbed in his eating except a pair of animated little men, obviously Americans, near the kitchen, who talked and laughed a great deal, especially the one in the cinnamon brown suit, a washed-out blond sort of peewee, whose liveliness over-compensated his lack of displacement. Only enough of his friend was visible to show that he was black-headed and equally small. It was nice somebody could be carefree.

"I don't like fights."

She set down her cup and reached across the table for his cigarettes. "You must have indigestion again." She could risk a slight thrust. "Every time you have indigestion, you get nasty."

"I never have indigestion," he asserted.

Her eyebrows rose one thirty-second of an inch. She turned again towards the man in the cinnamon brown suit. He faced her, but she couldn't be sure he was looking at her, because his eyes behaved so oddly, seeming to look everywhere but straight ahead. Could the little squirt be trying to start something? She leaned forward for Ed to light her cigarette.

"I love those little matchboxes with the bullfighters on them." Two puffs, and the cigarette glowed to her satisfaction. "Although bullfighters affect me like Mexican food. Too foreign." She inhaled and exhaled once. Twice she glanced at Cinnamon Brown. He was still staring at her, if you could call that nitwit eyerolling staring.

But she had more important things on her mind than mashers. She leaned slightly forward. "Listen, I've been wanting to talk to you about something. Why don't just stop brooding about Allen Banks?"

He paused in the act of blowing out the match. When it burned him, he threw it down violently.

"I mean it!" Elsa went on. "What's been done can't be helped. Of course, it's too bad he's a para—, para—... What's that dam word?"

"Paraplegic."

"Well, whatever. But he seems to be getting along all right. He's everybody's hero. They treat him wonderful at the veterans' hospital. He plays basketball, doesn't he? Why, I was never so thrilled in my life as at the way those fellows raced around in their little wheelchairs that night at the hospital gym! That was weeks ago and in another country, but you've been in the dumps ever since off and on. Especially after he made that remark about your being lucky you had sense enough to stay out of it."

Even the recollection of Ed's admiration for Allen excited a slight irritation. Allen, with his handsome, laughing face, his easy command of words and his knowledgeable references to current events, literature and the theatre, always aroused a suspicion of superciliousness in her. He liked Ed, but obviously he only tolerated her.

Ed made a pattern on the table with his matches. "And you added that I was too old for the draft now."

She smiled placatingly. Again she glanced at the man in the cinnamon brown suit. His face was still turned toward her. His eyes moved from side to side and up all the while he laughed and talked. It was a strange technique, but undoubtedly he was trying to make her. She gave him a gelid stare and turned back to Ed.

"Why should you worry about your part in the war after all these years? Why, it's silly! You worked in the shipyard, and that was just as necessary to the war effort as what Allen Banks did in the air force."

"The yard was full of athletes," remarked Ed. "Fighters, football players, baseball players, decathlon champions..."

"There, you see! It was dangerous for you, too, with all them things swinging around. There was that time the gangplank broke with all the men on it. And so many men fell down the holds. The company must have thought you were valuable, too, because they kept deferring you."

Ed drew in a long breath, and then resumed his pattern-making.

"Besides," she added, smiling at him coyly, "what would I have done without you?"

"You'd 've had to go to work," said Ed, without looking up.

"Now, was that nice? And all those war jobs I had!"

"Yeh, for a week each."

"I think you're mean!" She pouted at him, but he kept his eyes on his matches. Looking past him, she could see the vivacious little man in the cinnamon brown suit. He was rolling his eyes at her again. She placed her arms on the table. She glared at him

with her lips pressed tight together, looking him up and down, and then tossed her head contemptuously.

Ed looked up suddenly. "What's the matter now?"

"Oh, that little half pint down there!"

"What, again? Every place we go..." With a quick twist he freed himself from the booth. "I'm going to put an end to this sort of thing once and for all! Which one is it?"

"Now, Ed, don't—"

"Which one is it?"

"The American in the brown suit. Now Ed, don't do anything—"

He strode to the far end of the room. Everybody stopped eating to look at him except the man himself, who talked on animatedly. Ed seized him by his lapels and said something. The little man stammered. Ed jerked him out of the booth. The little man's face drained. His friend grabbed Ed's arm and began talking rapidly, but Ed paid no attention. He talked violently to the little man and shook him. Finally he struck him in the face with his fist and let him fall. The friend pressed his hands to his cheeks and closed his eyes. Then he pushed Ed half around, said something to him, pointing at the man on the floor, and spread out his palms.

Ed looked at the man on the floor. Slowly he knelt beside him. He lifted him and held him against his breast like a child. He seemed to be talking tenderly to him. The little man turned his face toward Ed, but his eyes moved ceaselessly from side to side. Elsa laid down her cigarette.

The manager ran up to the men. The friend screamed something at him about "the police." The little man shook his head and his lips formed the words, "No, no, no!" Ed spoke to him again, seeming very contrite. The little man continued to shake his head. He motioned to the others and shook his head. Ed put him on his feet, brushed him off, and helped him to his seat.

Elsa watched without moving while Ed stumbled red-faced across the floor. Neither noticed the hostile glances of the manager and the patrons.

Continued on page 63

## World Within

By Leroy F. Jackson

ALL day I sit and work out plans  
For useful, solid things  
And garner satisfaction from  
Punctilious reckonings.  
My moral garb has ever been  
Conventionally cut;  
My name is now a synonym  
For realism—but  
Some night, some night I'll slip away  
From all the strict and sane  
And jubilantly stalk a lion  
Down a country lane.



# The Mystery of the Mayan Temple

By Alberto Ruiz L.

**T**HE foreman's crowbar suddenly sank into emptiness through the mass of stone, and the startled Mexican cried out. It was, then, definitely a wall. And what lay behind? I felt sure that at last we were on the threshold of the mystery of the Maya Temple. For four long seasons of sweating labor, hoisting rock and dirt out of that humid, dusty, dim stairway, we had toiled downward and at the end of each season I had confidently announced that the next year we would discover the secret. This was it; my loyal workers and I couldn't go much lower. One supreme thought haunted all of us: would it be another King Tut, an epochal archaeological discovery—or nothing, just an anticlimax?

For we were now, according to my calculations, just about at ground level at the bottom of the pyramid of the Temple of the Inscriptions at Palenque, a famous old city of the Maya Indian in Chiapas, Mexico. Some seventy-three feet directly above our heads lay the floor of the temple where we had begun our digging. But from almost the moment we commenced our excavations we had known we were on the trail of something unique. The usual Maya pyramid is nothing but a terraced base for a temple, with a staircase up one side. Quite a number have been excavated. Generally the Mayas built a small pyramid and temple, then later increased its size by putting another layer of stone over it with a new temple on top. It was quite different from the Egyptian pyramids of 3000 years earlier, which were hollow inside and were tombs for the Pharaohs.

Here in the Temple of the Inscriptions, however, we had found a stairway leading from the floor of the temple down into the pyramid interior, more on the Egyptian pattern, an absolutely new thing in the Maya region. The stair passage had been abandoned later in the temple's history and filled in with rocks, rubble and soil. That's where our troubles began. It's a simple matter to roll rocks down a stairway and jam it full, but to hoist them out again, rock by rock and bucketful by bucketful—that is a different story. And that's where our four seasons of hard work went. Of course the seasons were short, a total of only ten months in the four years, for we worked only in the least rainy months between April and July. But still, ten months to get down a stairway!

In 1949 the National Institute of Anthropology and History of the Mexican Government decided to begin investigations and restorations at Palenque on a large scale. As director of Archaeological Explorations in the Maya Zone, I was put in charge. A large part of the expense was defrayed by a most appreciated grant from Nelson Rockefeller.



Water Color.

By Ruth Van Sickle Ford.

Palenque lies in the first foothills of the mountains in the far southeastern Mexican state of Chiapas, near the Yucatan Peninsula. It is about eighty miles inland from the southern shore of the Gulf of Mexico and sixty-five miles west of the Guatemala border. Today Palenque can be reached by private airplane from Villahermosa and Tuxtla Gutiérrez. Also the new Ferrocarril (Railroad) del Sureste has a station at the village of Palenque, making it accessible either from Yucatan or from the coast of Veracruz. Until a very few years ago, however, it could be reached only by slow river steamboat plus a twenty-mile trip over a bumpy dirt road. In the rainy season the road was impassable except astride a mule. That's how earlier archaeologists got there.

Palenque is one of the most famous and best known of the older abandoned Maya cities. It was the first to be discovered, in 1784, and, from many points of view, is the most unusual, interesting and important. Recently, disputing the old belief in the purely American origin of all Maya elements of civilization, many curiously close resemblances between them and those of Southeastern Asia, especially Cambodia, in Indo-China, have been pointed out, and these seem to be much the strongest at Palenque.

The great metropolis of its region, Palenque was at the height of its importance in the seventh and eighth centuries, though occupied from about the fifth to the tenth.

What we call Maya "cities" are only the ceremonial centers where the people celebrated their religious rites in the temples and so-called "palaces," and where the bail courts and the big sweat baths were located. The common people lived in the adjacent flat country, surrounded by their cornfields; their houses of wood and other perishable materials, have left little trace. A thousand years or more ago, there must have been an enormous population, probably more than 100,000.

Today the temples of Palenque lie deserted. The region is a dense tropical forest, and until recently the ruins were hidden among the great trees, which



sank their roots into the temple roofs and tore them apart, while howler monkeys swung through the branches. Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, must have passed within thirty miles of Palenque on his journey to Honduras in 1524, but he never heard of it. It had been swallowed by the forest and forgotten 600 years before his day.

No one but archaeologists and the rare tourist cares about Palenque now. The Maya Indians, descendants of the men who built the structures, have practically disappeared from the scene in this region, except for a few small settlements of mixed bloods who speak Chol, a Maya dialect. In the forests farther up the Usumacinta River live the Lacandonese, who speak a language very close, apparently, to that of the ancient Mayas. But their stage of culture is rather low and they remember very little of the fascinating knowledge of their ancestors.

For some years the Mexican Government has maintained caretakers at all the larger Maya sites to keep the "bush" down enough so that the buildings are visible. But much more clearing remained to be done, and after building ourselves a comfortable house near the ruins, we began to remove some of the obstructing trees—cedar, mahogany and zapote. It is the zapote that yields the chicle sap for chewing gum. As a matter of fact, most of the recent discoveries of new Maya cities buried in the forest have been made by chicleiros out gathering the gum.

There are eight important pyramid temples at Palenque, as well as many smaller structures, such as ball courts. One of the best-known temples, the one that led to our adventure, is called The Temple of the Inscriptions because it contains on its interior walls three large stone tablets on which are carved the longest known series of Maya hieroglyphs. We can read only a little of this writing, mainly the dates, but we believe that the entire text deals with calendrical, astronomical and mathematical matters. Because of its inscriptions and because it was the highest pyramid at Palenque—more than seventy feet—I was especially anxious to begin our examination and restoration of it.

While some of our workmen were removing trees and brush from the outside slopes of the pyramid, I had others carefully clean the temple interior, including the floor. There was something unusual about that floor. The ordinary Maya floor is of stucco, but this was composed of great flagstones, perfectly finished and fitted together. One stone near the center of the floor contained three pairs of drilled holes, at opposite ends. Each hole had been closed with a small removable stone plug, although some of the plugs had been taken by curious visitors.

Earlier archaeologists had puzzled over these plugged holes, but none had guessed their purpose. It is now obvious that they served the purpose of hand holes, by which to lift the stone. However, even if anyone had lifted it, he'd have found just a mass of rocks and rubble beneath, and would probably have gone no farther.

But even trivial details, like the cigarette butt left at the scene of the crime, may afford clues to the detective—and to the archaeologist. In this case I noticed not only the plugged holes but another detail, something that no one else had apparently paid attention to—namely, that the side wall, instead of ending at the floor, continued down behind the flagstones. That was my clue. There must be something below, something beneath the temple floor!

So we started digging down beside the flagstones, taking out the stones and dirt. And then, just as we

were beginning to get discouraged, we struck a great horizontal stone beam more than six feet long, a foot square, and well made. The two ends were imbedded in sloping, converging walls. It was then that we first realized that we were in the upper part of a Maya vault. The Mayas didn't know the principle of the true keystone arch, and their vaults were of the corbeled variety, with each stone projecting beyond the one below till they met at the top, covered by a capstone. The crossbeam strengthened the vault.

Digging down six feet more—a back-breaking job—we struck a step made of stone slabs with stucco finish. What we had found was a vaulted interior stairway, five feet wide, which had been purposely filled up with rubble. What did it lead to? Little did I imagine that it would take us four years to find out!

Next morning at breakfast we discussed the purpose of the stairway; each of us had a different suggestion. My brother Miguel, one of our artists, joking called it a fire escape.

Whatever it was, we were determined to explore it to the end. But that first season was hectic; we uncovered just twenty-three steps. All we had to light our way was one gasoline lamp that used up most of the oxygen that filtered down from the hole in the temple floor. The dust choked us and the humidity was awful. We had eight or ten men, some down below digging, others on the temple floor handling the rocks and pails of dirt hauled up to them by rope and pulley. Of course it all had to be carried out of the building.

Our workmen came from the neighboring village of Palenque or other nearby settlements, a few from Yucatan. Probably all had in them some of the blood of the old Mayas who had built the temple and the stairway—and filled it up.

"Chief," asked Guadalupe Pech, one of the workmen, one day, "are we looking for the lost city?"

"What lost city, boy?"

"One that I saw last night at the cine, which some gringo explorers found after going down a subterranean passage just like this."

"Who knows, Lupe?" I said. "But maybe we'll run into a trap for grave robbers like those in some Egyptian pyramids. You pull out a stone and the roof falls on you!"

"All right! We've got to die sometime anyway," he said. "And at least I'd have a bigger and finer tomb than in the village cemetery. And I wouldn't be alone, either; you'd be there too!"

One feature that intrigued us greatly as we worked down the stairway was a sort of duct, or conduit, built against one wall, a square tube neatly made of small stone slabs four inches in width. We often argued about its nature; it was obviously functional, not for ornament. It was not until later that we discovered its purpose.

The second year we rigged up an electric light that let us work better, gave less heat than the gasoline lamp and didn't use up the oxygen. But the farther down we went, the worse the air became, and the slower the rocks and dirt went out. We cleared another twenty-three steps and came to a landing where the staircase made an abrupt turn back toward the center of the pyramid. We were then, I figured, about two thirds of the way down to ground level.

At the end of that second season we noticed two narrow depressions high up on the vault. We assumed that they were just niches. But when we returned the following spring for our third season on the project, we found that they were ventilator shafts, running twenty-seven feet out through the thick pyramid to the court on the west. We cleaned these out

and they brought us a fairly good air supply. But in addition to opening the shafts, we uncovered only thirteen more steps in our slow descent.

Nevertheless, for the third time, I reported that the next year the mystery would be solved. One of my colleagues, who had heard this twice before, grinned and asked, "How many episodes has this 'who-dunit' of yours?"

"No more of this 'hope-to-find' business," said my wife when I left home again for Palenque. "Don't you dare come home till you get to the end of it!"

The fourth season of work, 1952! Hardly had we started when we began to strike unusual things—things which indicated that we were nearing the end of the search. A few more steps—there were seventy-one in all—and we were at the bottom. But those old Mayas didn't intend to have their treasure—or whatever it was—discovered so easily. Two particularly tough obstructions barred our way. The first was a wall of coarse rubble more tightly packed together than that which we had been removing from the stairway. The second, a few feet beyond, was a very thick wall of solid masonry, firmly constructed of mortared stones.

"What do you think we'll find behind all this?" asked César Sáenz, my principal assistant.

"I can't imagine," said I, "but I hope with all my soul that it will be a magnificent tomb."

Just in front of the second wall, at about eye level, was a box made of stone slabs and lime mortar. You can imagine the excitement with which we opened this first real discovery. As we hoped, it contained an offering. Gold? No, we'd have been very much surprised if we'd found any gold, and it would have upset some of our ideas about the Mayas. Gold came into Mexico very late, probably an influence from the south, and was practically unknown in the Maya region at this time.

As a matter of fact, jade was always more highly valued than gold in Mexico. When Cortes expressed his joy at some gold ornaments given him by Montezuma, the Aztec emperor said, contemptuously, that the next day he'd bring him some articles each of which was worth a load of gold objects. Imagine Cortes' disappointment when they came—some pieces of carved jade!

So jade ornaments were what we expected to find in the stone box—and what we did find. There were beautifully carved beads, buttons and earplugs, three small painted pottery plates, three shells painted red—and, to our surprise, a magnificent teardrop pearl half an inch long.

I calculated that we were now about on the level of the foot of the pyramid, some seventy-three feet below the floor of the temple. We were in a level corridor, but ahead of us stood that solid masonry wall which we were sure had something behind it. The wall turned out to be more than twelve feet thick; breaking through it took a full week of the hardest labor of the entire expedition. The mortar held so firmly that the stones often broke before they separated; and the wet lime burned and cracked the workmen's hands. Finally we got through and came upon a rude masonry box, or chest.

Another offering, I thought. More jade ornaments, and probably even better ones. But again we were mistaken. An offering it was, indeed, but of a very different nature, an offering of the most precious possession that any people could give—their sons and daughters. For, on opening the box, a mass of bones, stones and lime plaster met our expectant eyes. We examined the contents carefully: there were six skeletons in a space of only about fifteen cubic feet. They had been jammed in as tightly as possible, and covered with a layer of small stones and lime plas-

ter.

Unquestionably this was a human sacrifice, young persons whose spirits were forever to guard and attend him for whom all this entire massive pyramid had been made—and whom we now soon hoped to find.

In spite of our interest, the sight saddened us. Had they been buried alive, in the flower of their youth? It is quite possible, though they would probably have been stupefied by some drink or native drug. Human sacrifice is a not unusual custom among peoples with complex religions. The later Aztecs carried it to an incredible extent; according to tradition, 20,000 persons were sacrificed at the dedication of the great temples in Tenochtitlán, now Mexico City, about the year 1500. Carvings depicting ceremonies with human sacrifice are known on Maya monuments, but the rite was apparently practiced among them to only a slight extent.

Later examination of the bones—which, naturally, were in very bad condition—indicated that at least one was a girl, possibly two. Two had artificially deformed skulls, and the teeth of one were inset with jade disks; these features suggested that they were persons of high social position. Red ocher covered many of the bones. But not a trace of any ornament or jewel.

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And was that all? Did this great stairway, built with such labor, lead to nothing else? What were these youths placed to guard? To our right and behind the sacrificial box, the sloping walls were solid; but to the left, when we removed the rubble fill, there appeared the outline of a triangular opening in the side wall. This opening had been closed by a great triangular stone eight feet high, five feet wide at the base, nearly a foot thick, and weighing several tons. We were removing the rubble in front of it when the frightened foreman, poking around the edge of the stone, felt his crowbar sink into emptiness. I was sure then that at last we had arrived at the door of the mystery. It was with a pounding heart that I pushed the light bulb through the opening and put my eye to the hole.

Out of the dim shadows emerged a vision from a fairy tale, a fantastic, ethereal sight from another world. It seemed a huge magic grotto carved out of ice, the walls sparkling and glistening like snow crystals. Delicate festoons of stalactites hung like tassels of a curtain, and the stalagmites on the floor looked like the drippings from a great candle. The impression, in fact, was that of an abandoned chapel. Across the walls marched great stucco figures in low relief. Then my eye sought the floor. This was almost entirely filled with a great carved stone slab, in perfect condition.

As I gazed in awe and astonishment, I described the marvelous sight to my colleagues, César Sáenz and Rafael Orellana, but they wouldn't believe me until they had pushed me aside and had seen with their own eyes the fascinating spectacle. Ours were the first eyes that had gazed on it in more than 1000 years!

Despite our impatience, it was two days before we entered the crypt. The big stone blocking the entrance had to be moved, and, in that small space, this was a tremendous job. Finally, with pulleys and levers, we turned it on its base and leaned it against the opposite wall, making space for one man to go through.

It was on June 15, 1952, that I finally crawled into the mysterious chamber. You may imagine my feelings, the first person to tread those floors in ten centuries. I tried to see it with the eyes of the Pa-

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# Patterns of an Old City

## FLAMINGOS OVER THE LAGOON

By Howard S. Phillips

I WAS having lunch with Harry Sturgess in one of the quieter downtown restaurants, hearing him talk about his recent trip to the 'States, comment on the prevalent conditions, on high taxes, politics, the cold war, the economic outlook and so on, revealing no specific personal slant on these matters, talking, in fact, of things you are likely to read in the newspapers, when he suddenly broke off, remarking, "I had a rather strange experience in Detroit. Goes to show how small the world is after all. I walked out of the hotel one morning and started down the street, walking slowly, stopping to take a look at the shop windows, when an old man, a pretty shabby looking fellow, blocked my way. I had a feeling that he would ask me for a handout, but then I caught a vaguely familiar look in his features, something that reminded me of someone I had probably known some place, and I stood still. 'I don't suppose you remember me,' he said. 'I guess I've changed a lot. But I remember you. You are Mr. ... let's see... Mr. Stearns... No. Mr. Sturgess, from Mexico City. You used to stay with me some times when you came to Acapulco. I am Webb, Joe Webb. You remember? I had that place at Pié de la Cuesta.'

"Well I 'll be damned,' I said. 'What are you doing here in Detroit?' We stood on the street for a while talking, then I suggested that we might go in some place and have a glass of beer. He declined the beer but had a cup of coffee with some rolls. Told me quite a story. You knew him, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said, "I knew him quite well. Everyone knew Joe Webb. Couldn't miss him. He was something of a landmark. Was wondering what happened to him. Some years ago I went out to his place, and that woman he had, his native wife, Tomasita, or whatever was her name, was still there, very fat and prosperous looking, but I couldn't find out much—just that he was gone, that he was not there any more. 'Pues, ya se fué,' is all she said."

"That's it," Sturgess said. "I went out there too some time after he left, stayed a couple of days, and nosing around learned a few things—kind of painful things that I was sort of compelled to tell him when I saw him in Detroit. Though he didn't seem to be in the least surprised or even impressed. It all confirmed what he told me. A pretty sordid business. This Tomasita, it seems, stripped him and kicked him out. He had all his property deeded in her name. You know, according to the law, being a foreigner he could not own real estate on the coast, so legally she was the owner. You know how Webb was. A thing like that was just a detail. But after a time she became ambitious, bossy, started riding him, got out of his hand, made things pretty tough for him, started playing around with some of the younger native guys that hung around the place, and when the situation became kind of ugly, pretty much unbearable, and he sought to remonstrate, to defend his rights, one day, after a brawl, she simply told him that he was no good any more, that he was too old, 'que ya no soplabá,' that she didn't want him any more, and that the best he could do was to pack up and get the hell off the place. And that's what he did."

"So after all these years he wound up in Detroit," I said.

"Yes. From what he had told me I gather that he had been tramping around a great deal since he left Mexico eight or ten years ago. He had been

working in California, became a kind of native bracer, did odd jobs here and there, never settling down for long anywhere. He told me that he had been sort of restless and footloose ever since he left Mexico, that he never found a place where he cared to stay on, that he had been quite homeless after he lost his home in Mexico, that place of his at Pié de la Cuesta. I gave him the name of the hotel where I was stopping and told him to look me up, but I never saw him again."

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So that, I thought, was the epilogue of Joe Webb's mysterious disappearance from the Pié de la Cuesta, from that desolate strip of gray dunes that stretch away into the forlorn distance between the open sea with its eternally thundering surf and the narrow fetid lagoon, from that margin of jungle and sand where he had built his home, from a place which became inseparably linked with his name, the unique place he had made for himself and held with what seemed to be unshakable stability. That was the final word on this strange disappearance, a disappearance which, on the other hand, and as I look at it now, was probably not at all strange, for Webb, despite his apparent stability, was the kind of man whose life bore a destined goal of disappearance.

Surely, I figured, when he originally came to the Pié de la Cuesta—and no one seemed to have a clear notion as to when that happened—he was impelled by the need of disappearance. His source and his goal were for ever an undeciphered enigma. Amiable and garrulous as he was, as disposed as he seemed to be always to talk about his adventures and experiences gathered over the years of living on these dunes, he seemed reticent to talk about his beginnings, or to explain how he came to settle on this remote and lonely spot years before Acapulco was retrieved from its static century of oblivion, reclaimed from its amputation from the rest of the world by a new highway that defiantly cut through the mountain fastness of Guerrero, when this rockbound bay and the somnolent pueblo was a meaningless dot on the map—how he came to this place and chose to make it his home when it bordered on nowhere, when it was a veritable edge of the world.

All I ever found out from his hazy allusions was that he had come down from the mountains where he had been pottering around at placer gold mining, collecting rosin from the trees, or following other vague occupations, because life was easier at the sea. I surmised that whatever rewards he might have sought from existence, they were not based on material accumulation, that his acquisitive urge was not directed at possession and power but at living experience. He was, I took it, a man who found joy in utter solitude, in self-imposed isolation, in an Adam-like pursuit of survival in a primordial world. Life reduced to elementals, life that was not a strife for superfluities but an acquiescence to sheerest essentials, was beautiful and good. Man, he seemed to imply, restored his pristine integrity, preserved his inner wholeness, if he could sever himself from contamination of mankind, if he could stand alone and fearless in the face of nature, if he reduced the hazards of nature, supplanted its menace by benevolence, if he made it friendly and benign by harmoniously fusing his own ego within its realm.

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Water Color.

By Roberto de la Cueva.

# The Love Life of the Jumping Bean

By John W. Hilton

**O**NE of my first walks around the streets of Alamos led me into a very interesting field of research. I noticed a sign over a doorway reading "Compro Brincadores." I have seen signs in many parts of the world, offering Jumping Beans for sale, but this was the first time I had come across a firm that bought them. It sounded like an interesting business, so I walked in and got acquainted.

The proprietor of the firm smiled a pleasant greeting as he rose from his modern desk and assured me that he did buy "brincadores," as he called them.

"In fact," he explained, "I am really the sole buyer of jumping beans, in quantity, in Mexico. They are all produced within burro-driving distance of Alamos, and I buy and resell the entire annual crop."

About then, a storekeeper from an outlying village came in with a sugar sack, in which he had about a peek of jumping beans. They were quiet when he first set them down on the floor and started his bargaining, but as the "negocios" proceeded, the beans began to jump merrily in the sack, making a soft noise like gently falling rain. The perforated-tin shipping cans, which sat on all sides of the office, also gave forth the sound of falling rain; only, here it sounded like rain on a tin roof. The thought flashed through my mind that this might solve the problem of folks who like to go to sleep with the sound of rain on the roof. A small tin can with a few jumping beans in it, placed under a pillow, might bring about the desired effect.

The bartering was finally settled and Joaquin measured out the beans (he bought them at so much a liter), and paid the storekeeper.

"That fellow," said the jumping-bean king, "deals on the side in jumping beans. He buys small lots of as few as a dozen beans, at his store in the hills. The children bring them in for a piece of candy, or some other trinket, and he not only tries to make a profit on his merchandise, but he allows the boys and girls about half my price, in trade. Then,

when he gets here, he tries to get me to raise my fixed price for the season, because he insists that this is going to be a bad year, and the jumping bean crop will be terribly short. If I had come up to his price on this lot, all of the other village storekeepers would insist on the same; and I know from the brush telegraph that there is going to be a very good crop this year. The fellow will be back with another and much larger lot in a few weeks. Just wait and see."

I was beginning to see that the problems of buying and shipping several million jumping beans a year were by no means simple. To ship by the million a product that is collected by the dozen requires patience, organization and diplomacy. I got to know this man very well, later on, and found that he had a generous endowment of all of these qualities. He gave as much personal attention to a small boy or girl with a handful of beans, in a palm basket, as he gave to a man from some outlying area who had a hundred thousand for sale. He made a survey before each season and set the price, which was just the same regardless of quantity.

When I told him we were going to spend most of the summer at Rancho Guirocoba, he assured me that I would have ample opportunity to study the jumping bean and its gatherers, at first hand. I concluded, from his conversation, that the trees producing this odd "insect-plant" combination grew in a restricted area, less than a hundred miles across, and that Guirocoba was about in the center of that area.

He gave me a pamphlet, printed in English, which explained many of the facts about jumping beans and why they jump. In it I discovered that the name of the parent tree is *Sebastiana pringlei*, a euphorbiaceous plant, related distantly to the poinsettia and the castor bean. The small moth whose larvae cause the bean to jump is known by the scientific name of *Carpocaps asaltitans*. The pamphlet continued to explain that this moth laid its egg on the flower of the jumping bean, and the tiny worm hatched and made its way into the forming seed pod. The jumping was accounted for by the worm striking its head against

the side of the thin shell. The information was good, as far as it went; but I was interested in finding how the worm finally got out of the bean, and why they jumped in the first place.

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We did not have to look far from the ranch house to find jumping beans. They were one of the most common small trees in the area. The trunks stems of the trees were slim and graceful, and the foliage was similar in shape to peach leaves, but somewhat glossier and more tropical looking. A broken stem or leaf bled a white latex, that the natives assured me was a deadly poison in any quantity; and when diluted beyond toxic strengths, was a violent quick-acting cathartic. They told me of a jealous suitor who attended the wedding of the girl who had jilted him, and managed to spike the punch at the wedding party with a broken twig of the jumping-bean tree. His revenge was swift and effective. When the excitement died away, no one had strength enough to go on with a wedding party, or anything else.

The native name for this plant is "yerba de flecha" (arrow plant). I have heard three different versions of how this name came about; one, that the juice was used to poison arrows; another, that the slim straight stems were actually used as arrow shafts by the early Indians; and the other; that when the seed pod ripens it "explodes" and hurls the seeds with the speed of an arrow. I can vouch for this latter characteristic, having been struck more than once by flying seeds—which are perfectly round and about the size and hardness of a BB shot.

The trees do not bloom at absolutely the same time, so I was able to study and photograph the small white flowers, the partially formed pods, and the ripe beans—still on the tree. This irregularity in blooming is the principal cause of partial failure of the jumping bean crop, on bad years. The blossoms do not come at the time the majority of the moths hatch, and the trees set a higher percentage of normal seeds—and fewer jumping beans.

The first time I went out to gather a few jumping beans for myself, I stopped under a good-sized tree and was greatly encouraged by the rainlike sound-around me. I had visions filling my pockets in one spot. After half an hour, I had salvaged about two jumpers, and began to realize that gathering these jitterbugs of the thorn forest was not like picking up fallen walnuts. In the first place, one has to be very quiet to hear the beans jump at all. Some trees seem to be entirely free of the larvae, and the only way to tell whether a tree in question is productive is to stand still for a moment and see if the beans start jumping. If, as in my first case, they start their noise in the dry leaves, the next step is to try to locate them before moving. The sound of footfalls stops their jumping, as any sharp noise or jolt does, even after they had been collected. Either the beans make a great deal more noise than one would suspect, or they are harder to find than I imagined at first. Their color is so like that of the leaves under the tree that they are really difficult to locate, even when they are in plain sight. Then, too, I soon discovered that the original reason for the jumping is to get the fallen beans with their larval occupants out of sight, under debris or stones, where they will be safe from birds and even large ants. These latter consider the jumping bean a "canned delicacy to be carried away for future use."

Experiments with a group of jumping beans turned loose under an average tree showed that after an hour most of them had been able to work their way under some sort of protection. In fact, many were wedged so securely that they could not be dislodged

by the large black ants. The first time I noticed that these ants actually transported jumping beans was when I came upon a moving caravan of flowers, crossing my trail. The flowers were bright yellow, and a good half inch across. They were moving with the regularity of a truck convoy, and under each animated blossom was the motive power: a large black ant completely hidden by his fragrant burden. Now and then there was a break in the regularity of the procession, where a red or white flower appeared; and then I was surprised to see a jumping bean being pulled along. Presently two or three more appeared, and it was evident that these ants were taking the beans home for storage—along with their "vegetable supply." Some enterprising small boy should locate the hills where there beans are stored, wait until the ants have finished their harvest, and dig up the hoard. I am sure it would net him a quantity of cheaply gathered "brincadores."

Having satisfied myself as to the reason for the jumping motion, I next started studying the worm itself—to discover if possible the actual mechanics of the jump. A slice, parallel with one of the flat sides of the pod, exposed the worm to view, but as soon as this was done it set about to weave a covering of silk over the opening, and none of its actions gave me a clue as to how it moved about. Accidentally, I happened to leave one of these cut beans on my table, open face down, on a sheet of paper. When I picked it up the next morning, the whole paper came with it. The worm had sewed itself securely to the flat paper surface. I sliced some more beans, and substituted cellophane from a cigarette package. The next morning I was happy to find that all of the worms had attached themselves, firmly, to the cellophane. By trimming carefully I had jumping beans with transparent windows. I could watch the worm's antics, to my heart's content. The larvae gradually covered the entire surface with silk, however, so that in a few days it was impossible to see clearly. I was able to watch them long enough to learn the mechanics of their movement.

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The little worm has sixteen legs, the back four being stronger than the others and equipped with gripping feet. Each grub would move about in its shell, until it could get a good hold on the wall with the four hind feet, and then it would raise its body about two millimeters away from the shell, and slap the side of the bean with a sharp blow. This is what causes the bean to jump. I never saw one strike its head against the side, as had been formerly supposed.

Finally, bit by bit, I was able to piece together the whole life story of this interesting partnership of plant and insect; and to me, it is one of the strangest sets of facts I have ever encountered.

The little gray moth has a life of only a few days, but during that time the females lay hundreds of eggs. This process of egg-laying on the flowers pollinates the rest of the cluster. There appears to be a direct relation between the moth and the reproduction of the plant, as in the inseparable yucca and yucca moth. Trees having no jumping beans produced no normal seeds. It would appear that, if the moth does not get to that particular plant, it remains a sterile tree.

The little worm works itself into the ova of the blossom, and as the seed pod forms, the worm grows up with it. The pod is made of three separate sections, and normally produces three perfectly round seeds. When a jumping-bean larva makes its home in the pod, it is a progressive thing, like the migration to new quarters of the chambered nautilus. The

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Oil.

By J. Monroy.

## American Rhapsody

By Kim Schee

I CAN only give you an inkling of what Julio looked like. He was much too beautiful to describe in words. Suffice it to say that he had an olive skin, a magnificently sculptured head, the liquid eyes of a contented cow, and blue-black silky hair. His body was slight but well-proportioned. His shoulders were broad and he had a waspish waist. To enhance these natural gifts Julio wore a gray charro costume with black edgings and silver buttons, a large straw sombrero, high-heeled gaiter shoes, silver spurs, and a flashing Hollywood smile that seldom left his face except in moments of profound depression.

Julio, of course, was the beau ideal of all the señoritas and the bolder señoras of the village. But this had ceased to interest Julio. He was tired of courting women whose fathers, brothers, and husbands were forever lurking in the background. It was not only dangerous, it was stupid. What had he gotten from it? All manner of threats, once a bullet in his leg, and a few doctor's bills. Yes, it was downright stupid. He was no longer a boy, he was a man now, twenty-five years of age. It was time he turned over a new leaf. Henceforth, Dios verá, he would have nothing whatsoever to do with the village belles. He would simply ignore them. Henceforth—sí, Señor, he would concentrate on American women, gringas. Many of them, he had noticed, were very pretty and, he had heard, extremely wealthy. With a few words of English and his looks, it should be an easy matter to cultivate them, and perhaps lucrative at the same time. At least it was worth trying. He had everything to gain, nothing to lose. He would try. He did try, and his beginning was very successful indeed.

She came from Cleveland. She was blonde, had baby-blue eyes, and was a little tired-looking, and we shall call her Mrs. R. Mrs. R. had a trim figure and was always immaculate. When she talked she pursed her lips and pronounced each word very slowly and dis-

tinctly as if she assumed that everyone was stone deaf or, at the best, hard of hearing. Her life had not been a happy one. For seven years she had been married to a neurotic man cursed with many a complex. She and several psychiatrists had done their best, but in the end it was all for naught. Her husband continued to be a manic-depressive and sporadically a dipsomaniac, so they were finally divorced. Fortunately, they had no children. "God was kind to us in that respect," she would murmur with lowered eyelids. She had come to Mexico for a few months to rest her nerves and to take her mind off her husband's complexes. All that she wanted was a little house and peace and quiet. She got the former, and then met Julio.

It was love at first sight. Never had she seen a more romantic figure. She was sitting in the plaza reading Dr. Seabury when she heard the clatter of horses, hoofs on the cobblestones. She turned about and there was Julio, seated on a shiny black horse that was rearing and prancing about as horses do in the movies, and Julio with his beautiful gray charro costume, sombrero in hand, was smiling down at her like a knight of old. Such an incident is common enough in Mexico, but for a woman so steeped in romance and superstition as Mrs. R. it was an augury. She was thoroughly convinced that Julio and she were fated to love each other. She took no chances with fate; she returned Julio's smile and rolled her baby-blue eyes in such a way that even a complete moron would have understood.

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Julio wasted little time in courting Mrs. R. It was perhaps one of the shortest courtships on record in Mexico. One serenata, a few words of Spanish and English, and Mrs. R. succumbed. Julio was overjoyed. He had really expected a long siege. He had been told by some of his compañeros who had courted various gringas before him that they were often times



cold and unresponsive. His experience had certainly been to the contrary. Obviously his success with gringas was assured. If Mrs. R. loved him, then all gringas would love him. He was a fool for not having tried them before.

For two months Julio and Mrs. R. lived an idyllic existence. They rode horseback, they picnicked in beautiful, sylvan places (Mrs. R.'s idea), they spent two weeks in Tehuantepec and many an ecstatic hour in Mrs. R.'s Casa Chica, as she grew to call it. She was very happy. She had never been happier, and yet, at the same time, she was miserable. Yes, she was very miserable. She had abandoned herself shamelessly to a complete stranger, and a foreigner besides, and then continued to live with him in sin. What would her poor family think? Oh, what had possessed her? She must have been mad, mad—so prodded the barbs of her conscience, until poor Mrs. R. decided that the only solution was to leave Mexico and her beloved Julio. Before leaving she presented Julio with a gold wristwatch with their combined initials on the back and her forwarding address in the United States. As she passionately kissed him good-by she added in the way of an afterthought, "If you ever come to the States, Julio, you must come to Cleveland." It was the courteous thing to say; she had said it to practically everyone, and up to now no one had ever taken advantage of it.

Several months passed. Julio reluctantly went back to work in the same silver shop where he had worked before meeting Mrs. R. He loathed silver-smithing, but at the moment there was no other way of making a living. He kept an eye out for gringas, but the only ones that came into the shop were either old or were accompanied by their husbands. He soon concluded that the life he was leading was unbearable. Something must be done about it. So one Saturday evening after drawing his paltry weekly paycheck, he took the bus to Mexico City. By Tuesday morning he was on the National Highway just outside Mexico City, hitchhiking his way to Cleveland. He had in his possession a small zipper bag containing a bit of haberdashery and a few toilet articles, a tourist card which permitted him to enter the United States, a hundred a pesos which he had acquired by hocking Mrs. R.'s gold wristwatch (he would make up an exciting story about its being stolen), his gray charro costume which he had chosen to wear, a pocket-size English dictionary, and tremendous faith in the love and charity of Mrs. R.

Meanwhile Mrs. R. had taken up the threads of her former life. She spent most of her time puttering about her luxurious apartment, reading and entertaining a few close friends. On such occasions she would talk about Mexico and the little village where she had lived and loved so much. Of course she never dared to mention Julio, though she wanted terribly to talk about him. She had been a fool to leave him. Why had she left him exactly? Ah, yes, she knew. She was a moral coward and a prude. It was that damnable puritanical conscience of hers. She couldn't help it. She had been born that way. Yet, if Julio had only been a little older and an American and had just a tiny bit of money, then everything would have been all right. But under the circumstances who could blame her? She was an American woman with background and breeding. It was simply against her grain to be common. Only once in a moment of weakness or perhaps madness, had she been common. But she had risen from the depths in time. She had had sufficient pride left to save herself. She was proud of that. Yet, was it worth it? she wondered, Julio was such a sweet young man and such a wonderful, wonderful lover. She had never thought it possible. Per-

haps she would never again be loved by a man. She would be like Heloise with her one great love. But at least Heloise had put some of her passion into those beautiful letters she had written to Abelard. Mrs. R. had even denied herself this. Once the die of her great love had been cast, she was inexorable. Mrs. R. thought herself a real martyr—and, in fact, she was enjoying it tremendously.

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One day while she was thus musing her doorbell rang. She answered it, thinking perhaps it was the laundryman, and there stood Julio, charro costume, zipper bag, and all, smiling rather absurdly and looking like something out of a circus. For a few moments Mrs. R. was completely unnerved. She felt like a hunter who is caught in his own trap. She stared at Julio as if he were a lunatic. Not a single word passed her lips. All the time she was thinking, this sort of thing only happens in books or dreams or in the movies. This isn't real, this simply couldn't happen to me! But Julio's professional smile and passionate kiss were sufficient to convince her that it had happened. And shortly afterward in her apartment, as she listened to Julio's long narrative in Spanish, which included an explanation of the theft of the wristwatch, she found herself wondering just how she could get rid of him without making it too obvious. She considered it very bad taste to hurt a person's feelings. No one could say that Mrs. R. had been tactless. Yet this time she definitely disliked Julio. There was something almost comical about him in his charro suit. He looked like a little boy, a sort of dark little Lord Fauntleroy. The fact that he had once been her lover never occurred to her. It was too absurd. It was only something she had imagined.

Two weeks passed. Mrs. R. was slowly losing her mind. She had installed Julio in the spare room of her apartment, simply because she hadn't the courage to send him to a hotel. She had also outfitted Julio in the best ready-made clothes she could buy, but somehow they didn't suit him. She discovered for the first time that Julio's torso was much too long, his legs were much too short, and its feet disgustingly small. But, of course, Julio did know this; on the contrary, he thought himself very dapper and Esquire-ish indeed and never failed to gape approvingly at his reflection. He likewise labored under the misapprehension that Mrs. R.'s generosity and hospitality were just another sign of her consuming devotion to him, and consequently he never left her side. In desperation Mrs. R. took him for long drives in her car; they saw every movie in town at least once, they visited public parks, zoos, museums, and even an amusement park, all of which delighted Julio and bored Mrs. R. to distraction. At night she was much too exhausted to think of sex. She simply locked her door and paid no attention to Julio's romantic entreaties. In the morning she stayed in bed as late as possible, hoping against hope that maybe Julio had died in his sleep. Never had she been confronted with such a problem. She had spent one entire week hinting about Julio's departure. She had gone to such lengths as telephoning the railroad station in his presence and inquiring about trains to Mexico. Once she even took Julio to the station for lunch, but he appeared to be completely oblivious of why he was dining there. It was hopeless. She couldn't make out whether she was dealing with a superman or an idiot. She had certainly tried every possible stratagem, including rudeness. She had a dreadful presentiment that she would be with Julio through eternity. And then, as if Julio weren't a big enough problem, there were her friends and even her cook to consider. The lat-

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Oil.

By Margarita C. de Wehmann.

## Religion and Art in Mexico

By Joseph A. Baird

**L**ONG before the Spaniards came to Mexico, art and religion had been strongly linked in the native Indians' culture. With the arrival of Catholicism, a new series of motifs and ideas were brought before the vivid imagination of Mexican craftsmen. Skilled in the handling of stone and carved wood, the local artisans readily adapted the suggestions of European masters. By the Seventeenth Century they had already evolved a strongly individual form of architecture and decoration for the glory of the new religion. But it was especially in the Eighteenth Century, when an unceasing flow of precious metals made this one of the richest areas in the world, that Mexican colonial art became most dazzling.

A succession of superb interiors and facades, heavy with the sumptuous materials of the period, show Mexico's achievement. Most of the master masons and many of the sculptors remain anonymous, but the fruit of their labors can be seen almost anywhere in present day Mexico.

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Even in the lavish Eighteenth Century, the exteriors of churches were kept comparatively simple. Only on the fronts and on towers and domes was there an echo of the glittering interiors. Seen from the back, San Francisco at San Miguel Allende, reveals rugged vertical buttresses that take one back in spirit to the massive simplicity of the Sixteenth Century. The shimmering calm of a July afternoon, brilliant mirror of a deserted street fair, emphasizes the monumentality of this church. Only the high drum

and tiled dome, with a glimpse of an ornamented spire at one side, speak of the Eighteenth Century date of the building. Without them, one could imagine some of the great fortified monasteries built by the untiring brothers of Francis, Dominic and Augustine.

Even in that austere early time, however, the churches reflected the beauty of art.

At Huejotzingo, famous for the great altar screen which fills the whole end of the church, there are more modest signs of the devotion of the friars. In the patio corridors, where all could see them, were placed polychromed figures of the saints and patrons of the order. Sometimes carved by continental artists, these estofado figures are among the finest creations of colonial sculpture. Grave and yet gracious, they impart an air of dignity and peace to the now quiet monastery.

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On the plastered walls above the niche, the artisans painted charming frescoes in a few strong colors. Only in the present are these clear and dexterously worked compositions coming to light, for the fashion of an intermediary period found them unworthy of attention, and whitewash was rudely spread over these handsome decorations.

As the colonial period advanced, the Virgin became the chief patroness of all Mexicans (as she is today). As the Virgin had dominated the thought of the Thirteenth Century so did she, as the Lady of Guadalupe or as the Virgin of Ocotlán, rise uppermost in the piety of Eighteenth Century Mexico.



At Ocotlán, with its breathtaking situation on a hill overlooking Tlaxcala, the Sanctuary of the Virgin was given particular attention. Part of the interior of the church here is so heavily laden with gold that it has been likened to some Midas' struck grotto. The facade, facing out across the sweeping panorama of distant valleys and mountains, is of red tile and white stucco. The whole center, in carved stucco, ricochets with the incredible complexity of 18th Century ornament, festooned and foliated into dramatic patterns. In the very center, framed against a starred window, is the image of the Virgin of the Immaculate Conception.

Few facades, outside of the historiated fronts of medieval France, have created so effective a setting for a great church figure. Around the Virgin in Ocotlán, saints and angels praise her glory, and above, like the over-arching vault of Heaven, is a deeply scalloped shell frame.

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Not far from Ocotlán is the church of Santa María Tonantzintla, symbolic linking of Aztec and Christian in name as well as in spirit. Although the color of the interior is comparatively new, and glistens like a multi-hued tinsle in a fancy box of candy, the exuberance of the stucco work cannot be denied. Caught in a jungle of carved lianas, with their stiff leaves and capriciously twisting stems, are scores of small angels. Below, between the spiral columns of gilt wood, are the gentle race of holy men and women who fill these Eighteenth Century churches with their graceful, if sentimental, postures pink-cheeked faces. Here is an excellent instance of the transfer of the bristling vitality of nature into a religious setting.

Aided by ideas from Spain, Mexican artisans transformed their houses of worship into places that show their love of rich surface and their desire to provide a fitting setting for the saints. If this work at Tonantzintla is more naive and less sophisticated than the work at Huejotzingo, it is no less fervent.

Not only did Mexican masters draw on the rich sources of design in Spain, but from farther afield came the Eighteenth Century fashion of the Rococo.

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In what is now a provincial Mexican city, Querétaro, there is a hint of the crimped shells and interlaced curves common to European Rococo. Conceived as a kind of ecclesiastic furniture, carried to a huge scale, the carved wood and gilt interior of Santa Clara at Querétaro is one of the most exotic in this fantastically exotic period. Not only is the detail suggestive of the Rococo on an unnaturally bold scale, but the whole background ripples and vibrates with the gilded rhythms of carved basket-work. Combining the most subtle of European styles with the humble local industry of weaving fibres—surely this reveals the surpassing invention of Eighteenth Century Mexican craftsmen.

The art of the Eighteenth Century in Mexico is rather like one of those castillos which are set off on the eve of Mexican Independence Day and other fiestas. All the precision of generations of experience and all the imagination of an unrestricted and genial temperament goes into the fabrication of a castillo fireworks. None of the workmen are quite sure of what will happen when it is finished and touched off, but the result is sure to be beautiful and wonderfully exciting.

## Walls

By Milton Kaplan

THE walls were always there—make no mistake;  
 No startled man has ever swept around  
 To catch stone springing full-grown from the ground.  
 The walls were there, and man will never break  
 Them down to measure freedom with his eye.  
 Sooner or later every man must learn  
 His boundaries and grudgingly return  
 To fix a roof on what was once his sky.

Perhaps a man will beat his clenched fists raw  
 Against the walls. In vain. Only a child  
 Or man who is like child with eyes that flaw  
 A wall of stone will smile (How few have smiled  
 Like that!) and march ahead with skydrawn stare  
 And walk through walls as though they were not there.





Oil.

By Arthur Zeidenberg.

## In the Cloud Forests of Chiapas

By Margery Carlson  
and  
Kate Staley

HOPE you're not afraid of jaguars," Juan remarked as we took off our boots, wrapped ourselves in blankets, and stretched out on straw mats on the dirt floor of an abandoned house, high in the mountains of Chiapas. "Jaguars?" we asked uneasily, realizing we knew little about the dangers that might be lurking in the dense forest all around us. "How could we be afraid with such skillful hunters to protect us?" Margery added quickly, trying to hide her fear. The brave hunters, who had proved their ability by shooting a badger at long range, were our guides—Juan, his brother, and a ranch hand from their father's farm. We were two U.S. women on our second botanical expedition for the Chicago Natural History Museum. Sleep was long in coming as we listened to the night sounds of the jungle and watched the moon through the crack in the rotting wall, eager to start our plant-collecting in Mexico's southernmost state.

Two days before, Juan had ridden down from the ranch to meet us at his family's house in the town of Ocozocoautla on the Pan American Highway. He had brought extra horses to take us and our equipment back. After packing our sleeping mats, blankets, plant presses, and a bare minimum of personal items, we had filed out of town late in the afternoon. The trail led for a while through open fields, then along the base of a rock cliff, up to the top, and over a smooth, bare rock surface, where we met the full force of the wind. Approaching the ranch house after nightfall, we were greeted by several men, women, and children; dined on tortillas, beans, and coffee; and bedded down in a large room where we were surrounded by piles of saddles, cowhides, gunny sacks, and clothes, and bins of corn, lime, and salt.

We awoke before dawn and, looking out into a heavy fog, saw the boys moving around outside, saddling the horses. After coffee served in our room, we were ready for an early start. Four of us mounted and set out across the pasture, with Juan at the head of the procession and the ranch hand bringing up the rear on foot, leading the pack horse. For the first hour we rode through open pasture country, then up and down the sides of wooded ravines. We forded streams, always stopping to let the horses drink, and finally turned off the main trail onto a narrow path through the forest. Tall trees, their trunks and branches festooned with *Monstera* and *phiodendron* vines, shut out the light. Palms and shrubs formed a dense undergrowth, and begonias, ferns, and mosses carpeted the forest floor. As the woods grew denser, the trails became narrower and steeper. In some places we had to lean back on the horses' haunches as they dropped from ledge to ledge, or cling to their necks as they climbed. Often we had to dismount and walk. We would have preferred to walk all the way, in order to study and collect plants, but the boys urged us to keep up the pace in order to reach shelter by dark.

When we arrived at the abandoned house, the brothers brought water from a pool at the foot of the cliff while the ranch hand took care of the horses and built a fire on the dirt. We boiled coffee with raw brown sugar and heated tortillas and beans over the coals. We had finished supper and were sitting around the little fire, without a thought for the virgin forest around us and the animals that might be roaming it, when Juan made his casual remark about the jaguars. But if there were any in the vicinity they didn't bother us, for once we fell asleep we slept soundly, exhausted from the hard day in the saddle.

The next morning we explored in various directions following streams and climbing peaks to gather small branches of trees and shrubs and pull up little herbaceous plants bearing flowers or fruit. At night, we appreciated even the partial protection of the decaying roof, for in these cloud forests, as they are called, along the northern slopes of the mountains, moisture-laden winds from the Gulf of Mexico drop fog, mist, or rain most of the time. We kept up the search until we had gathered all the plants we could carry and had eaten all our rations, then returned to the ranch and Ocozocoautla, winding up our first side trip.

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To preserve the specimens we had collected, we used the standard technique of pressing and drying them. The plants are placed in folds of newspaper and stacked between special large blotters. Then wooden frames are put over each end of the stack and drawn tight with straps. To squeeze out all the moisture, the process must be repeated, first removing and drying the blotters. When it is very humid, we use kerosene lamps to speed the drying. Each plant's folder is numbered, to correspond to the description jotted down in a notebook, showing its size, growth habits, the color of the flowers, and the location in which we found it.

The dried specimens are sent to museums to be identified, mounted, and kept for further study of such characteristics as their possible economic or medicinal value and their geographical distribution. New species are described, given Latin names, and added to the catalogue of the world's flora. We gathered two sets of plants, one for the Chicago Museum, where much research is done on Mexican and Central and South American plants, and the other for the University of Mexico's Institute of Biology in return for the government's permission to do the collecting.

Every collector hopes that he will be able to bring home some species unknown to science, never before described or given a botanical name. Of course, such plants may be nothing new to the local inhabitants, who may have common names for them. In Chiapas plant-collecting has not been so complete as in other parts of Mexico, and undoubtedly many new species remain to be discovered. In going down a steep ravine close to the highway, we found two new kinds of trees among sixty specimens collected—not a bad percentage for a few hours' hunting.

Chiapas, with an area of 28,729 square miles, is almost the size of South Carolina. Most of its approximately 660,000 inhabitants are Indians who live in communities scattered through the mountains, raising corn and sheep. There are two main ranges of mountains, the Sierra Madre de Chiapas, along the Pacific Coast, and the Sierra Septentrional, which run almost parallel from northwest to southeast. Between them lies the wide valley of the Grijalva River, which flows northward to the Gulf of Mexico. The northern escarpment of the Sierra Septentrional drops rather sharply to the lowlands of Veracruz and Tabasco, and more gently to the low valley of the Usumacinta River, which forms the international boundary with the Petén region of Guatemala. A dense rain forest covers these lowlands, rich in mahogany and zapote, the tree that yields chicle.

We had come all the way from Evanston, Illinois, in a jeep station wagon, equipped for housekeeping. It held a gasoline stove, cooking utensils, air mattresses, sleeping bags, a folding table and stools, and staple foods. We also had tools for emergency repairs to the car, maps, books, medicines, and all the materials for pressing the plants. Finding that most of the trucks we met in Mexico had names, we christened our vehicle "El Caracolito" ("The Little Snail"), for we

intended to travel slowly, with our house at our backs.

After the stopover in Ocozocoautla, we followed the highway on through the foothills, with the high ranges of the Sierra Septentrional visible off to the north, to Tuxtla Gutiérrez, the state capital. It has a fine archeological museum and library as well as a college. Recent governors have sponsored scientific projects, the most notable being the zoological and botanical gardens in Madero Park, at the edge of the city.

The zoo, directed by Miguel Alvarez del Toro, has a good collection of live animals from various parts of the state, plus mounted specimens in settings portraying their natural habitats. The botanical gardens, planned and supervised by a distinguished Mexican botanist, Dr. Faustino Miranda, are ideally located along a stream, where the humid-zone plants are right at home. There are many large trees with orchids, ferns, and bromeliads (members of the pineapple family) growing on their branches. A desert area for cacti, succulents, and century plants is under construction. A large relief map in the foyer of the new botanical institute shows the various vegetation zones of Chiapas in different colors. Another exhibit features economically important trees and their finished wood.

Taking the new road up the mountain north of Tuxtla Gutiérrez, you can see the Sumidero, the spectacular canyon cut by the Grijalva River and one of Mexico's natural wonders. At this spot many Indians jumped to their deaths at the time of the Conquest to avoid capture by the Spaniards. This road gives botanists and zoologists an easier route to a good stand of virgin cloud forest.

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South of the capital, the Pan American Highway climbs steeply and winds along pine-clad ranges, with views into deep valleys, first on one side and then on the other, to San Cristóbal de las Casas, where we found plant-collecting comparatively easy. Here we could stay at the comfortable Hotel Español and drive out to the foot of a mountain trail, leave the car, and gather specimens as we climbed. The town lies at an elevation of seven thousand feet, so we never had to go up more than another two thousands to reach the mountain tops.

Every morning we set out on one of the roads to the surrounding mountain villages, roads that are rocky, narrow, and full of holes, and used almost exclusively by the Indians for foot travel between their homes and the market. We took along a guide, José, and several boys to carry bundles of plants. By mid-afternoon we had as many plants as we could handle, and returned to the hotel to press and dry them. The hospitable inn-keeper was very tolerant of our strewing plants about the room and drying blotters in the sunny patio.

An all-day excursion to Cerro Zontehuits, the highest mountain in the vicinity, was more of an undertaking. An Indian named Adrián knew of a trail to the top that could be reached from the road to Tenepaja. With him, two friends, and a boy to watch the jeep, we picked our way over the road, which no car had tried for several years. Often we had to get out and fill holes with stones or push large rocks out of the way. It took two hours to cover the ten miles to the start of the trail. After breakfasting there at sunrise, we started up through a mountain meadow, following a stream with red-flowered begonias and yellow *Mimulus* growing along its banks. At the head of the stream the valley narrowed, and our path was blocked by a tangle of blueberry bushes, coarse yellow flowers and tall, woody ferns. With his machete, Adrián hacked a way through, and we pulled ourselves up after him to the main trail above. From here to the



summit at 9,600 feet the going was easier. The mountain is covered with huge trees festooned with hanging lichens, from which it got its Indian name, meaning "the mountain of the bearded trees."

Many of the pines and oaks in the mountain forests around San Cristóbal de las Casas are as much as a hundred feet tall and eight feet in diameter. A remarkable variety of smaller trees and shrubs forms a dense undergrowth. Trunks and branches bear ferns, orchids, and bromeliads, which live on the moisture of the clouds that gather nightly on the peaks. Known as epiphytes, they are not parasitic, as they might seem, and do not harm the trees.

Our collection from this region included a lovely red-flowering fuchsia, which forms banks of brilliant color along the brooks, and the Tree of the Little Hands (*Chiranthodendron pentadactylon*), named for its red flowers with five long stamens, resembling a monkey's hand. Blackberry and blueberry bushes, salvia, verbenas, and morning glories abound, but they all differ from their counterparts in the United States. One rare plant called tecalumaté looks like an airborne pineapple plant. Its six-foot, hanging stalks of lavender flowers, which are enclosed in pink bracts with a pale green sheath around each cluster, are gathered by the Indians at Christmas and Easter to adorn the church altars.

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The Indians seem to make use of almost every kind of plant. A native herb doctor went with us on one trip to tell us the names and uses of the plants we found. Here are a few of his prescriptions: "Mejorana (a *Eupatorium*): bathe head in a tea of the leaves for headache. Epazote (a *Chenopodium*): drink a hot tea of the leaves for cancer. Vivorana (a milkweed): drink the juice to get rid of worms. Lengua de Ciervo (a fern): good for heart trouble. Vegetal (a bayberry): use as soap." A friend gave us tea of pericón (a marigold) as a cure for dysentery, and it worked.

It is the Indians who make the mountain trails and keep them clear. They use them in gathering firewood, to reach the shrines where they worship during fiestas, and for going to the corn fields they plant in clearings along the streams. We often met Indians along the trails, and we could tell which village they come from by their distinctive costumes. Men from Zinacantan wear straight, woolen chuks, white with red pinstripes, which reach half way to the knees. Underneath are short, white, flaring pants. They carry large black and white checked handkerchiefs, with red tassels at the corners, to put around their heads or over their mouths and noses when the weather is cold and damp. The Tenejapans wear longer black and white striped chuks, belted at the waist, and hats with short, pointed peaks in the center, decorated with many long ribbons. The Huistans have peculiar draped, diaper-like pants; short, loose, white blouses with long sleeves; and hats with smaller crowns and brims and no ribbons, worn at a jaunty angle. The women are less colorful than the men, wearing blue or black wrap-around skirts and white blouses trimmed with red at the neck. Their long, blue shawls or rebozos are used to protect the head from the sun or carry a baby on the back.

Frans Blom and Gertrude Duby de Blom, our friends in San Cristóbal de las Casas, have established a school as a center for research on the Chiapas Indians, especially the Lacandons in the northeastern part, and the ruined cities of their Maya ancestors.

Beyond San Cristóbal de las Casas the highway descends gradually through less rugged mountains to Comitán, the last large town before the Guatemalan border. From there we headed for Montebello, a region of lakes and forest, climaxing our plant-collect-

ing expedition. We had been warned in Oaxaca that we could never make it to Montebello in January, but no botanist had ever collected there, so we had to give it a try even though we couldn't wait for the weather to improve. In Comitán, a friend who owns a ranch near Montebello assured us that the trail was very muddy, but that we might have a chance in the jeep if the rain let up for a few days. We waited for his boy Javier to come back from the ranch and give us a report on trail conditions. When Javier saw El Caracolito, with its four-wheel drive, his face lighted up. "Yes," he said, "you can reach San José in this car all right, but you won't be able to find the way. I'll have to go with you to drive." We set out the next morning, blessed with warm sunshine and a breeze to help dry the road, which is a mere track leading first across flat grasslands, where herds of horses run wild, and then through open pine woods. When one track gets too deep and muddy, the drivers turn off to make a new one on higher ground. We forded some of the streams without mishap, for even though the water was high, the beds were solid. Other streams in deep ravines had crude bridges, but the steep approaches to them were mudholes, and we had to throw in branches to give the wheels traction. We got stuck several times, but with Javier's skillful maneuvering, managed to pull through.

Making our headquarters at the ranch, we explored the trails that crisscross the forest. Every morning we took along several Indian boys to climb trees, cut paths for us when we left the trail, carry the bundles of plants, and tell us their native names and uses.

The area around and beyond San José, at an altitude of about five thousand feet, has many conical, rocky hills and pot holes, as well as numerous beautiful lakes, one of which, Montebello, gives its name to the whole region. The lakes, which are bordered by high, steep, heavily wooded banks, or white limestone cliffs, display intense coloring when viewed from above. Some look almost black, some are emerald, others jade green. The channel and tributaries of the Comitán River connect some of the lakes before the river plunges down a narrow canyon, passes under a natural bridge, and disappears into a large cave. Other lakes are isolated, and seem to be sink holes in the limestone.

The forest is predominantly made up of pines, oaks, and sweet gums. The profusion of small trees and shrubs and the prodigious growth of epiphytes on the branches attest to the abundance of moisture throughout the year. April and May are the only months when the rains cease, and even then there are fogs and mists, especially at night. Mexican and Central American forests where sweet gum trees grow were of special interest to us, because these trees and some of the plants associated with them are the same as, or closely related to, species native to the southeastern Appalachian and Ozark Mountains in the United States. These plants seem to have migrated southward in Cretaceous times, when the oldest land areas in North America were low and level.

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We found hundreds of species of orchids, in all sizes, shapes, and colors, growing on the branches of the trees, on rocks, and on the ground. Some are like the familiar Cattleyas of the florist trade. Others have hanging sprays five feet long, with hundreds of flowers—yellow with brown spots, white with pink spots, smooth or ruffled. The Lycastes have a column in the center of the blossom that resembles a nun praying. A rare albino form, called the White Nun, is the national flower of neighboring Guatemala. One orchid plant was less than an inch tall, but had its own cluster of minute blossoms.

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Oil.

By Agustín Ituarte.

# Government Works and Industries

By Tomme Clark Call

**M**ANUFACTURING development is only one side of the coin of the Mexican industrialization program. To complete the picture it is necessary to survey such basically important governmental enterprise as the nationalized oil and gas industry, communications and transport, and public works generally. Those enterprises compete with manufacturing and agriculture in the utilization of Mexico's natural, human, and capital resources, and they weigh heavily in the balance that must be struck for orderly economic development. It is the physical expansion in this primary field that now comes under review.

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It was not until 1947 that Mexico completed settlement of the bitter controversies arising from Cardenas' 1938 expropriation of foreign oil properties, mostly of United States and British investors. United States interests claimed indemnity for investments totaling 200 million dollars, the British for 250 millions. Mexico, claiming ownership of uncaptured subsoil assets, put foreign holdings requiring compensation at no more than 20 millions. In 1942, the United States claim for eleven companies was settled at 24 million dollars, paid off by 1947. The British claim was settled at 81 million dollars in 1947. The last loose end of the affair was tied up in September 1951, when the Mexican government bought Sinclair's Charro Oil Company for \$ 1,852,000.

Because of technical and managerial inexperience, labor troubles, political intervention, the post-expropriation foreign boycott, transport problems, and

lack of capital, the nationalized Mexican oil industry remained in a state of dislocation throughout the war period. The first half of the past decade of Mexico's industrialization program was plagued by resulting fuel deficiencies. Foreign critics pointed, many hopefully, to the 'failure' of nationalization.

Senator Antonio J. Bermudez, director general of the government petroleum administration, Petroleos Mexicanos (Pemex), by 1951 could paint a far brighter postwar picture. Senator Bermudez had pointed out in 1949 that Mexico was once the second oil-producing country in the world, with 191 million barrels in 1921. It reached its lowest ebb, 33 million barrels, in 1932, but recovered to 59 millions in 1948. At that time Senator Bermudez estimated that Mexico might have 130,000 square miles of potential oil territory, compared with 100,000 square miles then active in Texas. Another indication of future possibilities lay in his attending figures that Mexico by 1948 had sunk only 6,825 wells against 244,381 by then drilled in Texas.

In May 1951, Senator Bermudez reported that Mexican oil production had increased to 73 million barrels in 1950. Oil exports decreased from 29 million barrels in 1937 to 23 million barrels in 1950, but decline was more than offset by an increase in domestic consumption from 18 million barrels in 1937 to 50 million barrels in 1950. Gasoline consumption increased by 285 per cent during the same period, against 73 per cent in the United States, to 12¼ million barrels. Use of farm machinery and domestic appliances, as well as industrialization and improved communications, pushed per capita consumption of oil derivati-

ves from 1.2 barrels in 1938 to 2.2 barrels in 1949, an increase of 80 per cent that undoubtedly is still soaring. Furthermore, Senator Bermudez claims that tax and salary payments by the industry have increased from 11 million to 790 million pesos during the same period. In 1951, Pemex distributed 6 million dollars to 30,000 workers under its savings and bonus plan. The official opinion obviously is that Mexico itself, at least, is benefiting from the results of nationalization.

Mexican oil production was increasing in 1951. Unofficial estimates during that year placed the annual rate at more than 80 million barrels, with a possible 60 per cent increase foreseen by the year's end. For the year ending 1 September 1951, sales income, both internal and external, was reported to total more than 1¾ billion pesos, or more than 200 million dollars. The United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America also reported that year that whereas in 1930 64 per cent of mechanical energy utilized in Mexico was derived from oil and related products, by 1940 the proportion had increased to 71 per cent, and by 1950 to 75 per cent.

The 1951 Pemex report placed oil reserves at 11½ billion barrels. New discoveries are steadily and materially increasing those reserves and spreading the area of production; for example, the 1951 Macuspana development in Tabasco of highgrade crude oil was hailed as possibly the country's richest field yet. Full development of Poza Rica, Mexico's largest producing field, is expected to add 20,000 barrels daily production, 200 million barrels to reserves. That should aid the Pemex policy of trying to maintain a safety margin of 20 reserve barrels for every extracted barrel.

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The Poza Rica program also is the leading example of Mexico's intensified utilization of natural gas resources, largely wasted in the past. The recent 12½ million-dollar expansion of field facilities will return 50 million cubic feet of gas underground for conservation daily, provide gasoline and other byproducts, and send up to 120 million cubic feet daily to Mexico City. In addition, by employing natural gas for sulphur production, Mexico expected to double its mid-1951 daily output of 140 tons of that element so important to its chemical industry. Mexico in 1951 was producing 400 million cubic feet of gas daily, with reserves estimated at 1.8 trillion cubic feet. Recent discovery of the Reynosa fields was particularly important to the north.

The 150-mile Poza Rica-Mexico City pipeline was completed in 1948. It is serving, among other things, the Atzacapotzaleco refinery. A 92-mile line connects border sources with the Matamoros area. Scheduled for completion in 1951 was a 212-mile line serving Monterrey, Saltillo, and Torreon; Monterrey already is served by a 37-mile line from Roma, with Mexican fields now supplying half the city's needs, which were formerly met wholly by Texas fields. In the planning stages is a 405-mile line from the Texas border along the Gulf Coast to connect with Poza Rica in Veracruz, serving Tampico and other cities en route. The lines to serve the Isthmus and connect Campeche fields with Yucatan are other important developments, particularly the trans-Isthmus line linking Minatitlan near the Gulf to Salina Cruz on the Pacific.

Mexico needs to expand further its 57-million-barrel refining operations, produce more export products, improve the transport and distribution system—both sharply inadequate for internal needs—enforce more strictly sound conservation, and greatly stimulate exploration tasks are admitted and under attack. For example, a new lubricant plant, expected to satisfy Mexico's domestic demand formerly met by imports, is under construction in Guanajuato, next to a recent-

ly opened refinery. Crude processing had expanded from 46.4 million barrels 1947 to nearly 52 million barrels in 1950, to the estimated 57-million rate in 1952. Despite the primary emphasis on increasing domestic demand and consumption, exports nearly doubled in the 1947-50 period. Important new development in the processing field are the Salamanca refinery, linked by pipeline with Poza Rica and serving the Bajío agricultural region, and the Reynosa refinery. More refining capacity is needed in the northern border area, where spot shortages of gasoline accrued through 1951. Supplies were rationed to prevent the stranding of motoring tourists, and Mexican crude oil was bartered across the Rio Grande for United States gasoline. Actually, Mexico can produce enough gasoline in that area to meet local needs and provide an exportable surplus.

In the exploration problem, Mexico is cautiously looking to foreign capital for aid, without altering its nationalization policy, and so far without attracting much foreign interest. Pemex has undertaken considerable recent exploration, particularly in surfate geological, gravity-meter, and seismic work, some under contracts with Texas and Oklahoma companies. Other contracts with independents have been made. In 1949, Senator Bermudez stated the Pemex policy: 'It is our intention to continue using the skill and "know-how" of United States technicians and co-operate with the United States oil industry to the full extent permitted by our laws.'

Intergovernmental aid, such as the wartime Export-Import Bank loan of 10 million dollars for gasoline refinery equipment, may be expanded. United States congressional committees have surveyed the Mexican oil industry various times in recent years. In 1951, with Korean war and a possible World War III in mind, United States Secretary of the Interior Oscar L. Chapman, after a personal survey, publicly stated that from the standpoint of hemispheric security further development of oil resources in Mexico is a matter of prime importance. He added that the emergency Petroleum Administration for Defense would encourage expansion of Mexican production. Outside technical assistance should greatly benefit the Mexican industry, both from intergovernmental co-operation and privately contracted services. The financing of adequate exploration and development, however, remains a thorny problem.

Further integration and expansion of oil and gas production, processing, and distribution are of cardinal importance to the whole industrialization program. And, despite post-expropriation and wartime difficulties which almost sank the nationalized oil industry, the present picture generally is brightening. In the near future, Mexico should be able to fill all of its own rising needs in this field, with a sizable surplus of a variety of petroleum products for export. In fact, President Aleman predicted such an achievement immediately in his September 1951 progress report to the nation. Senator Bermudez' 1949 estimate was that by 1956 Pemex should be producing more than 450,000 barrels daily, or a 165-million-barrel rate annually, more than double the mid-1951 output. That estimate appears credible, for in January 1952, Pemex reported a year-end daily production rate of 230,000 barrels, with 267 new wells drilled in 1951. Domestic and foreign sales in 1951 totaled a record 207 million dollars.

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The Cardenas administration nationalized the major lines of Mexico's inadequate and rundown century-old railroad system in 1937, that is, those already controlled through government stock ownership, assumed their bonded debt, and turned management over to the workers in 1938 in an unsuccessful experiment. In 1951 Ferrocarriles Nacionales was pla-



ced under an independent administration directly responsible to the President; the Secretary of Communications and Public Works.

The Southern Pacific's west coast line, the only important remaining private line, was acquired by the government in 1951. Several cities still have street railways, but busses now predominate. Some industrial and mining enterprises have specialized short lines.

The Inter-American Economic and Social Council's 1950 report, in comparing American countries' railroad mileage in relation to area as of 1948, found that Mexico had 22,989 route miles of railroad, or 30.3 miles per 1000 square miles. Including substandard lines, Mexico had only a fourth as many miles of road per 1000 square miles of area as did the United States. On the same point, it ranked eight in Latin America.

Haphazardly developed, overcapitalized, inadequately maintained, and uneconomic in other ways as well, the Mexican railroad system has consistently run into losses. The dislocation of nationalization, following revolutionary strife and labor troubles, was followed in turn by the inordinate strain of World War II traffic. By war's end, the railroad network was literally falling apart—operating on exhaustion of past investment—and postwar increase in agricultural and industrial production have added demands that the system is incapable of meeting. This transport deficiency has placed a heavy drag on industrialization and the necessary development of an internal market. There is hope for the future, however.

During the war, the United States Export-Import Bank lent Mexico 15 million dollars for railroad equipment, and the Washington government added technical assistance with a railroad mission. In 1945, Nacional Financiera lent the Nacional Railways 73 million pesos for the program—a dribble in contrast to estimates that the railroads needed at least a billion pesos for rehabilitation and another billion for new track and equipment. By 1946, the Avila Camacho administration had resettled with foreign holders of railroad bonds on better terms than any previously offered, virtually completing resettlement of Mexico's external bonded debt.

In 1951 the United States Export-Import Bank earmarked 56 million dollars, out of its 1950 150-million-dollar credit to Mexico, for railroad rehabilitation. The Southern Pacific in Mexico accepted a similar 5-million-dollar loan. As a result, The National Railways planned to complete a 1¼-billion-peso rehabilitation program in 1952. That program included new terminals at Mexico City, Guadalajara, Monterrey, Nuevo Laredo, and Jalapa. The Export-Import Bank funds would purchase 70 diesel engines, 1600 freight units, 250,000 tons of rail, shop machinery, and equipment. Most of the equipment would be purchased in the United States, but Switzerland was building three luxury passenger trains for Mexico at a cost of 5 million dollars to be paid directly by National Lines funds. It was reported in September 1951 that passenger traffic for the past year had increased to 25 million persons, the highest figure on record. To meet that demand, 129 Pullman and first-class cars were purchased. The 57 Swiss and 50 French cars ordered would establish an International de luxe service between Mexico City and San Antonio, Texas.

Addition of diesels—Mexico already had 150 by mid-1951—should speed operations and cut costs in the system. However, Manuel R. Palacios, National Railways director, estimated in 1951 that at least 8000 new freight cars were needed to meet current demand. Ferrocarriles Nacionales carried 14.7 tons of goods in 1949 and 15.5 million tons in 1950, in contrast to 9.8 millions in 1939, a 60 per cent increase.

The lines moved 8 million net tons during the first half of 1951.

Corporations have been persuaded to invest 48 million pesos in private rolling stock, and Nacional Financiera in 1951 was establishing a domestic freight-car manufacturing plant. The most important recent new-line developments include the Ferrocarril de Sureste to connect isolated Yucatan with the rest of the country and provide transport facilities for the rich resources of Tabasco and southern Campeche. Linked to good waterways and extending highways, that line will help to open heretofore dormant territory. The new line between Sonora and Baja California will help to integrate the national economy, as will standardizing several key narrow-gauge routes, such as the one between Mexico City and the Bajío agricultural region. Construction was started in 1951 on the Durango-Mazatlan railroad, with new Mexico City-Tuxpan mileage also completed.

Greater investments, however, still will be required in the immediate future to catch up with transport demand. Manufacturers, mine operators, and agricultural producers join in charging transport shortages with a large share of responsibility for retarding production generally. And all estimates of that investment were being further revised upward in 1951 to absorb fresh inflation.

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Mexico's highways, heretofore publicized in the United States mainly as a tourist attraction, constitute a first essential for integrating industrial and agricultural production and developing a distribution system to serve a national market as well as foreign trade outlets.

According to the Inter-American Economic and Social Council's 1950 report, Mexico's postwar road mileage was 50,801, or a mile of road for every 14.9 square miles of territory. It had 185,500 automotive vehicles, and 126 persons per automobile. That status ranks far below the United States' mile of road for every .8 square mile territory, and four persons per automobile. Also, in comparison with other Latin American countries, Mexico ranked ninth in area per mile of road and eight in persons per automobile.

Nevertheless, during the past decade, Mexico has made commendable strides in highway building and use, especially during the postwar years. Mexico spent less than a half a billion pesos on highways from 1925 to 1940, in contrast to more than 2 billion pesos during the past decade, including 700 millions in the 1948-50 period, or 337 millions in 1950 alone. President Aleman, on September 1951, reported road-building expenditures for the preceding twelve months at 438½ million pesos. Though Mexico now has only about 14,500 miles of well-paved roads, less than half Texas' highway mileage, it is completing a comprehensive arterial system. Another sign of progress is the new central hospital built for workers of the Department of Communications.

Mexico's link of the Pan American Highway, from Laredo, Texas, to a dead end at the Guatemalan border, is now completely paved, a remarkable engineering achievement contributed by Mexico to hemispheric communications. The El Paso-Mexico City route also is completely paved, while two more border-capital routes are building. The Nogales-Mexico City west coast highway was scheduled to be three-fourths completed in 1952, against stupendous terrain barriers. Construction was begun in 1951 on the last two links of the Piedras Negras-Mexico City route via Saltillo and San Luis Potosí. The grandiose Mexico City-Acapulco turnpike, a four-lane dream road-to-be, is under construction between the capital and Acapulco. Still in the planning stage is a highway route to connect the



isolated Yucatan Peninsula with the rest of Mexico.

Thus Mexico's trunk line highway system is in sight of completion. Federal appropriations for that achievement have been enhanced by state and private contributions. Mexico must provide however, a heavy annual outlay for highways for many years to come. Essential agricultural and commercial development depends on a system of secondary, farm-to-market, and feeder roads that must be built almost from scratch. The Department of Communication's April, 1951 announcement, that a minimum of 400 kilometers of feeder roads—some 250 miles—would be built in 1951, indicates how grossly inadequate construction is in this vital field. However, the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America reported in 1951:

"During the past three years there has been a change of emphasis in the objectives of Mexico's highway policy. Although the importance attached to the building of trunk highways is undiminished, considerable attention has been given to the construction of local roads which will serve to integrate even the smallest communities in the national market and the social life of the country."

Furthermore, a National Commission of Feeder Roads is now working with state governments and private enterprise to help expand the secondary road system. Late in 1951 it was reported that fourteen such roads had been built during the past year, four of them paved, and 59 more were under construction.

More than 10,000 miles of driving over Mexico's highways convinced the author that the poor quality of much of the engineering, material, and construction is going to cost heavily in future maintenance, widening, straightening, and bridge-building. Some stretches of highway only a few years old are already in need of complete renovation. Mexico's erratic weather and rugged terrain undoubtedly are contributing factors to rapid deterioration, but it is equally obvious that Mexico must tighten its standards of highway engineering and construction to avoid further excessive waste where waste is ill afforded.

Meanwhile, highway use has been rapidly accelerating in Mexico. Gasoline consumption has increased 285 per cent since 1937. For the same period, motor vehicle registrations increased 140 per cent, a 50 per cent increase in the United States. While passenger cars doubled trucks trebled, according to Pemex reports. In 1949, there were registered in Mexico 110,836 trucks, 159,416 automobiles, and 18,911 busses.

In 1951, the U.N.E.C.L.A. study estimated that the theoretical capacity of motor trucks operating on Mexican highways in 1947 was 22,000 tons a day and that it had increased by about 30 per cent during the following three years. Extension of highways and introduction of heavy truck transport is the outstanding modern transport development toward integrating the Mexican economy.

Terrain barriers to a low-cost, rapid-transit, comprehensive system of ground transport have favored accelerated development of passenger and cargo air transport in Mexico during that past decade. According to a postwar survey report by the United States Civil Aeronautics Board, Mexico in 1950 had thirteen domestic airline companies, with varying degrees of foreign investment as well as foreign technical and managerial influence.

Mexico's domestic airlines in 1948 scheduled 279,900 miles weekly, ranking second to Brazil in Latin America. Mexico's weekly miles scheduled per thousand square miles of area, were 369, which topped the Latin American average of 207, though falling far below the United States' figure of 2,015. In ad-

dition, foreign airlines, notably Pan American and American Airlines of the United States, connect a number of Mexican cities with one another as well as with points abroad. All told, in 1984 some 35 airlines flew more than 20 million miles on 78,000 flights, serving 225 airports and 1,050 landing fields.

The 1951 report of the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America showed that in 1949 Mexican and foreign airlines in domestic and international service carried more than 900,000 passengers, or 10½ times as many as in 1940. During the same period, the volume of air freight increased six times.

Most Mexican cities of any importance have relatively good airports and terminal facilities; and, at commercial and tourist-route hubs—Merida, for example—facilities are excellent. In 1951, new first-class airports were completed at Guadalajara and Mazatlan, with further improvements at the Mexico City central airport. Air travel is less expensive in Mexico than in the United States, and generally satisfactory. Cargo traffic, as well as passenger service, is in a period of continuing expansion, though unlikely to make more than a small dent in Mexico's need for greatly increased freight transport in the years ahead.

In view of the future outlay for airport and terminal facilities that will be required and the other pressing demands on inadequate domestic capital, Mexico may be compelled to relax its hesitancy toward foreign capital in this field. Certainly other companies from the United States are eager to come in, not to mention European and other Latin American companies.

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In addition to the major nationalized industries, petroleum and railroads, and highway building, Mexican federal and state governments during the past decade, and especially during the postwar period, have laid out relatively huge sums for public works. Heavy governmental expenditures, supplemented by private funds more often than in the United States, are evident in new schools, hospitals, and public buildings in rural areas as well as urban centers.

The Department of Communications and Public Works announced in 1951 that the merged telephone company—owned by United States, Swedish, and Mexican interests—spent more than a half a million pesos on expansion during the year ending 1 June. Though privately, and largely foreign, financed, such utility expansion must be absorbed by the strained Mexican economy and is urgently needed for industrial and commercial efficiency. At present, the efficiency and coverage of that telephone system, as well as the national telegraph, leaves much to be desired, but there is progress to report. In May 1952, the United States Export-Import Bank approved 1½ million dollars in credits for new telephone and telegraph facilities.

In 1940 there were 109.5 inhabitants per telephone in Mexico, ranging from 17.8 in the Federal District to 9,133.8 in Guerrero State. In January 1949, Mexico's quarter of a million telephones ranked third numerically in Latin America, next to Argentina and Brazil, but still totaled no more than Dallas, Texas. Mexico had, in the earlier postwar period, about 400 telephone exchanges and 700 telegraph offices.

In September 1951, however, the government reported that some 5,500 miles of telephone and telegraph wires were strung during the previous year, incorporating 137 more towns in the national network and servicing more than a quarter million more inhabitants. Telefonos de Mexico installed 26,000 more telephones during the year, and the international te-

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"La Posada. Oil.

By Hamilton Wolf.

## Hamilton Wolf

By Guillermo Rivas

**V**IEWING not long ago the paintings by Hamilton Wolf exhibited in one of the prominent local galleries, once again posed in my mind the query as to whether non-objective art is per force experimental or whether it can represent a definitive expression. Here is an artist, I said to myself, who after a long and prolific career, marked by a singular creative fluidity, by a sustained urge for self-renovation, by a gradual and consistent evolution in phraseology and style, has finally arrived at his present form because, obviously, it expresses more clearly and precisely what he desires to say. To this extent, his art, representing a sustained process of exploration and experiment, is definitive. Abstraction in his case simply means that he does not attempt to create an object but to define the idea of the object and the implications the idea evokes in his mind. Since this, however, is the salient purpose pursued by all non-objective painters, the quality of their art must be determined by the clarity and depth of the ideas they strive to express, by the significance of their implications, and by the plastic idiom—the line, form and color—they employ in their utterance.

The Mexican themes developed by Hamilton Wolf in his paintings define not only the intrinsic ideas

evoked by what he perceives, they are not only profoundly felt images traced with a joyous lyricism; they approach with clairvoyance the hidden core, the spirit concealed in the body, in the land and the people of Mexico.

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In my desire to understand how an American painter can achieve such close spiritual identification with a foreign midst, I asked him how he felt about Mexico in general, what it meant to him as an artist.

"Before coming to Mexico," he said, "I had slight realization of its significance to an artist through its people and the endlessly varied beauty of its landscape. I have always had deep respect for its pre-Columbian art as well as the distinguished Mexican painters of our time—Tamayo, Orozco, Siquieros, Rivera, and one whose name has not been emblazoned sufficiently, Frieda Kahlo.

But two years ago, at Christmas time, I spent several weeks visiting in Mexico City, Guanajuato and San Miguel Allende. This brief visit revealed to me something of the human substance of Mexico which as a painter I found irresistibly attractive. Minor in-



cidents led me to my discovery. There was, for instance, the sight of an Indian woman and her baby riding inside a second-class bus. She was shabbily dressed and wore the usual rebozo over her head and shoulders. Her feet were bare and caked with dirt. But the dignity that was hers, the perceivable intense love for the child she held close to her, made her seem a Madonna more beautiful than Raphael ever had the spirit to paint.

"I decided that Mexico was the place where I wanted to live and work. Upon returning to California I was fortunate enough to arrange my affairs so that I might come back to Mexico on a more permanent basis. It was in August of 1952 that my wife and I finally settled in the town of San Miguel de Allende in the state of Guanajuato, which dates from the 16th century and is the seat of many outstanding events in Mexican history. Our house has ancient



"Mourners." Oil.

By Hamilton Wolf.

"Cock-fight." Oil.

By Hamilton Wolf.



"Fiesta Dancers." Oil.

By Hamilton Wolf.

walls, four feet thick. There is a mirador over the upper story, from which one may contemplate a great plain extending for miles toward a horizon of mountains.

"San Miguel has a colony of artists and writers, made up of Americans and people from other parts of the world. In our home we have what the Mexicans call a "eriada" (I dislike using the term servant). Ours is called Carmen. She is pure Otomie Indian, and her profile suggests an Aztec sculpture. She neither reads nor writes, but I sincerely wish I had her memory and intelligence. I am sure that had Carmen been given an education she could have filled a place in any of the professions open to women.



"Pilgrims." Oil.

By Hamilton Wolf.



"Amazons." Oil.

By Hamilton Wolf.

"When one drives along the highways almost anywhere in Mexico, along the flat tablelands, or through precipitous mountains, or down in the sea-level tropical jungles, a fascinating landscape unfolds itself before one's eyes. But it is not the majestic scenery, not the dramatic topography that intrigues one, but the human element. The campesinos with their burros, their cattle, goats or sheep are either on the highway or to the sides of it. You stop to greet them, to sit down somewhere in the shade and talk with them. You exchange a few casual words, and you learn the essence of humanity.

"And it is not only in the country that I find this open friendliness. Here in the city, whenever I take a taxi I manage to get into a conversation with the driver. It is astounding what a high level of culture one finds among these men. They talk of art, architecture or politics, usually with knowledge and often with keen discernment.

"I find great beauty—a constant source of emotional stimulus—in my contacts with the people of Mexico, whether they be of the wealthier or cultured type or the humble Indian. In fact, I am sure I have never worked better or harder in my life than I have in Mexico. I have come to love Mexico, and I believe that love—whether it is for a place, a people or a cause—is what motivates men to their fullest expression."

This, more or less, is what Hamilton Wolf told me. It reveals something of the man. As regards his art, however, the following note written by the eminent critic Rico Lebrun as in introduction in the catalogue of Wolf's recent exhibit, reveals something of the artist:

"Some of the most remarkable personalities in the world of painting in our time are to my mind men who, being born around or immediately before the beginning of the twentieth century, experienced through their careers many changes, and have not only survived but increased in power.

"Hamilton Wolf is one of these. His debut was with the New York group called 'The Eight.' Henri and Bellows were respectively the prophet and the genius of the movement. Wolf was befriended by both and he produced notable works in that tradition.

"The vicissitudes and changes on the scene of American painting since the 'Eight' have been many. After the epoch-making Armory Show (presenting for the first time in the United States the work of the great French Modernists) American art took drastic steps in many directions. But steadily the tendencies toward universal meaning have increased in energy and authority.

"Through all these phases and renewals of our North American tradition, Wolf's choices and decisions as an artist have been distinguished by keenness and power. When others of his age and time elected to stop and become the guardians of a dead fashion he proceeded time and again to renew his vision and revive his technical means. Like all men who have a great deal to say he frequently stopped long enough to seek for better, stronger expression.

"I feel sincerely moved to thank him for having so brilliantly contributed to the world of painting, with canvases and experience, never compromising, never retreating."



# Un Poco de Todo

## THE SAAR AND THE NATIONS

**T**HE Saarland, so much in the news of late, is a Gothic region. While it lies beside the Saar River, the Rhine is not far above it, and something of the Rhine's Nibelungen quality has flooded over. Here are dark forests on rounded hills, valleys lit by night with fierce, sudden flames, clangorous with forges; towns dominated by the bizarre metal domes and cranes and chimneys of the mills and mines. Slag heaps and culm banks rise as high as the hills. Here the descendants of Mime, the smith, and of Loki, the fire god, ply their sooty subterranean crafts.

If what existed in the Saar were merely a metallurgical question the world would not have been so frequently preoccupied with it over the years. It is, however, more than that. It is an international question, too. The point, geologically speaking, is a nice one, in effect. Mainly, the coal which must process ore to make steel lies in the Saar and elsewhere close by, but generally on the German side of the Franco-German border. The iron ore, however, which is the basic ingredient of this product, comes mainly from the French side.

These two fields, coal and iron, are so close they practically intermingle. There are coal mines in the Saar which tunnel under into Lorraine. The French ore basin—known to metallurgists as the Minette—is in places a proverbial stone's throw from the border. Nature seems to have worked a great accommodation for the steel makers. But nature had nothing to do with the national frontiers involved.

This has always, therefore, been a political problem. Bismarck, at the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War, believed he had it solved. His experts in metallurgy drew a line for him which they thought would eliminate France as an industrial rival in steel. The line pushed France back from all the valid ore deposits of that region—as ore deposits were then reckoned: hence, a German Lorraine. But what Bismarck and his experts did not know was that a British scientist, Sidney Gilchrist Thomas by name, was then engaged in inventing a process for making steel which would give France a breather. This was a new way of eliminating the high percentage of harmful phosphorus which, up to then, had made much of the Minette unworkable for steel. It was divulged in 1875. France was still in the steel industry, further south, for instance, at Le Creusot.

The new war, in 1914, gave France a further restoration. She took back Lorraine, thus moving closer to the German coal and retrieving better ore, too. Other developments soon virtually supplanted the German and French states in this matter of producing steel. These were the industrial "cartels," which were largely international. There was one famous family of metallurgists, for example, originally Germanic, which, when the Franco-Prussian War was over, split like an amoeba, staying part in Germany, part in France. Steel production transcended national frontiers. There were voices in both the German Reichstag and the French Parliament to speak for it as a unity.

It is an old and grim story, that of the Saar, a border-tale which up to recently seemed to have no conclusion. Now, perhaps, there is one. News correspondents in Saarbrücken report that there is a strong

sentiment among the preponderantly German residents for "Europeanization" of that fiercely disputed little territory, half the size of Long Island. French economic control, we learn, is successful in producing material well-being there, even though the population is basically German. Everybody is at work. People live well. They are tired of being raided by one or another of the Great Powers which enfold them.

If there should be peace in that somber area, geography might cease to be an obstacle, and geology would flourish, as the natural convulsions of bygone eras, one might say, destined it to do. What is required is something "definite and final" in the Saar's status.

Perhaps the shade of Bismarck is growing more and more pallid these days. And, by the same token, to go back almost as far, politically speaking, it could be that the shade of honey-voiced, shaggy old Aristide Briand is growing more full-bodied.

## ALGAE TO PRODUCE FOOD FROM SEWAGE

The algae, especially the *Chlorella* species, have been receiving a good deal of attention in the last few years because they may aid in solving the problem of feeding a world population that is rapidly outgrowing its food supply. Theoretically 55,000 pounds of protein can be harvested from a single acre of *Chlorella*—more than sixty times the annual output of an acre of soybeans.

Not long ago, after prolonged exploration, Dr. Jack E. Myers of the University of Texas has devised a method of producing a pound of *Chlorella* in a water solution that occupies only a quarter-inch space between two glass tubes. Carbon dioxide gas (the kind that bubbles in ginger ale) passes through the space. Now come Drs. H. B. Gotaas and W. J. Oswald of the University of California with the suggestion that ponds in which sewage is decomposed by oxidation be converted into algae farms. After the sewage is decomposed it is drained off into a river or basin, and the protein-rich algae are harvested.

The procedure ought to appeal to residents around San Francisco Bay, into which 300,000,000 gallons of sewage pour daily. Current methods of waste disposal on such a large scale are costly. Not only could money be saved by letting algae work on the sewage but a food good for higher animals could be obtained.

First of all sewage is emptied from city sewers into large, open, holding ponds in the ground. Algae seed is added to speed up the process of developing an algal "bloom." Bacteria decompose the sewage with the aid of oxygen supplied by the algae. In this process carbon dioxide is given off. The gas, with sunlight, water and other nutrients from the sewage, is utilized by the algae for growth. The liquid (green with algae) is drained off after the sewage has been decomposed, the algae are harvested and the harmless remainder of the converted waste is shunted into a river.

"Other methods currently suggested for growing algae commercially," Dr. Gotaas says, "require 'feeding' the plants with compressed carbon dioxide and inorganic growth nutrients—both cost money. But municipal sewage is more than free, because liquid

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# Literary Appraisals

**THE TIME OF THE GRINGO.** By Elliot Arnold. 612 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

**I**n the Eighteen Thirties, at about the time Texas won independence, one Don Manuel Armijo rose to power in Santa Fe, the capital of the northern province of troubled Mexico. He maneuvered his rise by the fine art of treachery, rabble-rousing and beheading. By the same method he ruled with a bloody saber in Santa Fe, which was the western terminus of the prosperous trade route from Independence, Mo.

"He was a man well over six feet and in New Mexico he was a man of great size. His strong face cleanly shaven, in a country where men grew beards and mustaches to show their Spanish blood before Indians, who could seldom grow either. His mouth was wide and full-lipped. His eyes were dark and set widely apart from the large, straight nose, and they rested deep in sockets above the high cheekbones."

By sticking to the story of the lecherous Armijo, Elliott Arnold (author of "Walk With the Devil") has brought into sharp focus the lusty history of New Mexico. Armijo's slickest trick was that of appealing to the poor and lowly and consorting with the rich and aristocratic, and double-crossing both factions. Armijo executed an official named Abreu, but he yearned for Abreu's beautiful daughter, Soledad. He hated the gringos who hauled their wares into New Mexico, but he loved their money. Armijo was clever enough to thwart the Texans' ambitious Santa Fe Expedition, but he couldn't halt the gringos who rattled over the Santa Fe Trail in their treasure-laden wagons.

This story of hot blood, romance, intrigue, violence and gringo trade has the authentic ring. Perhaps it doesn't rank with Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur," which was written in Santa Fe, or with Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop," set in Santa Fe, but it is doubtless one of the most exciting historical novels to come out of the Southwest in a long time.

L. N.

**LINCOLN McKEEVER.** By Eleazar Lipsky. 308 pp. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts.

**N**O one who has lived in biracial, bi-lingual New Mexico can fail to be impressed with the easy tolerance that exists between the English and Spanish elements in that "land of enchantment." Its political warfare—and no state has been the scene of more bitter political feuds—has always been confined quite strictly to party lines, never to racial.

This should be remembered in reading Eleazar Lipsky's excellent novel of the trial of Don Carlos de Niza for the ambush slaying of Judge Hanna who had ruled against the de Nizas in a land grant case. The prosecution asserted that Don Carlos, an avowed "Yanqui-hater," had hired the degenerate Tom Cauty to kill the jurist. The Don hated Judge Hanna and Dan Hogarth, political ruler of the country, and had published inflammatory editorials against them in his chauvinist newspaper "La Luz." Max Kyle, county sheriff, promptly fanned the flames of racial hatred until troops were called to Cuatro Rios to prevent open warfare.

It is in this crisis that Mr. Lipsky's hero, Lincoln McKeever, a New York criminal lawyer, enters as defense attorney. The novel is the story of McKeever's

realization that justice itself, not Carlos de Niza, was on trial in Cuatro Rios; of his legal battles with those who are determined that de Niza should hang; of his devotion to his invalid son; and of his growing love for Florence Hogarth, daughter of the political boss.

Many will regard the death of young Jeff McKeever as a quite unnecessary bit of pathos; McKeever's arduous journey into the Navaho country to find a missing witness may be an equally unnecessary excursion into melodrama. Those weaknesses, however, are completely eclipsed by Mr. Lipsky's devotion to his main theme—the nobility of law and the high significance of justice to all men and under all circumstances. As McKeever develops that thesis in his final summation one wonders if the fictional McKeever is talking or if Mr. Lipsky—himself a New York attorney—is presenting his own conception of what the law should mean to a lawyer. "Lincoln McKeever," Mr. Lipsky's fourth novel, and the Literary Guild's choice for December, richly repays reading.

Speaking of his book (a Literary Guild choice for December) the author strengthens this belief. "I suspect that McKeever derives originally from Lincoln," he writes, "and from later personalities of the American bar, some of whom may be recognized. There is also an infusion of non-lawyers known to me personally." This admission (which is refreshing in itself) should in no way detract from the novel's dramatic impact. It will richly repay the closest reading.

H. B.

**FIESTA.** By Prudencio de Pereda. 359 pp. New York: A. A. Wyn.

**P**RUDENCIO DE PEREDA is an Hispano-American writing in English—and one associates his name with a slick fiction because of an earlier success, "All the Girls We Loved." This new novel, however, is authentic Spain. As authentic, perhaps, as only a writer free of Franco's continuing pressures could have let it be.

De Pereda's protagonist, Ros, is a New York-born artist, son of Spanish parents. He has made a lengthy visit to his father's town, Mozares, as a child. He grows up speaking Spanish in his American home as he has become accustomed to speaking it among his relatives and friends in Spain. When, as an adult, he returns to Spain, he has the sense of homecoming and of desperate, grim curiosity.

Ros (short for Erostrato) had wanted to join the Loyalists during the Civil War. He had "thought of the Spanish War as his war—and everyone else's. Every man had to be in it, lest he miss the most important thing in his life. If you fought for the Loyalists, you could hold up your head for the rest of your life, in any place in the world." But the recruiting points in New York turned him down. When World War II came, Ros made, as the Europeans say, a good war—but he never forgot that he had missed his own particular boat. He revisits Spain in 1948.

He is struck at once by the new look: "the new leanness of the pueblo's faces, the cut, sharp contours of the new expression, and the new hatred. \*\*\* He is soon made aware of the hungry despair that is just below the surface of the lives of contemporaries and older friends and of the hopelessness that characterizes the younger ones. Everywhere in conversation and action he senses the cadenced muffled roll of Spanish Catholicism. It becomes the background



for the individual conflicts which spring up when this "outsider," this loving, interfering, caring venturer from another world, comes in their midst. It is in the foreground, of course, in the brutal, doubly symbolic passion play Ros first witnesses, then at last partakes in—a play in which the entire village takes part. The grim seriousness with which this tragic horror—dedicated, if you like, to la suerte, the inevitability of Spanish life and death—is acted out and the symbolic acceptance of every cruelty, every expiation speaks eloquently of the unchanged heart of Spain. This is a moving, greatly conceived and finely executed book.

E. K.

**BALBOA OF DARIEN.** Discoverer of the Pacific. By Kathleen Romoli. 431 pp. New York: Doubleday & Co.

THE pleasures and problems of historical research need no explanation to its addicts, and very little to people with a taste for detective stories." Thus Kathleen Romoli begins her book, and thus she writes it. She enters the jungle of chronicles and archives like an agent of Scotland Yard and with much more instinct than most men. The work is fascinating. The characters of the drama, beginning with Balboa, are all first rate.

The three early chroniclers are Peter Martyr, who wrote in Sevilla; Las Casas, who began his history forty years after the events had taken place and who was never in Darien; and Oviedo, who spent only eleven months in Panama. These three narratives, along with the one by Andagoya, who took part in the expeditions, are all contradictory. Mrs. Romoli has set out to establish the truth by way of analysis and human instinct—or, more accurately, a feminine instinct.

In the beginning it was Darien, first colony of Tierra Firme, and Balboa was its hero. The rest of the conquistadors followed him like disciples. If Columbus discovered that the Atlantic had another shore, Balboa discovered the Pacific. But if Columbus and Cortés died in bed, Balboa had to bow his head to have it felled. "The weakest point in his character," says Mrs. Romoli, "was a lovable and unfortunate inability to keep his animosities alive."

Balboa had been living in Hispaniola, playing cards and increasing his debts. When the King ordered the founding of the colony of Tierra Firme, Balboa sailed, hidden with his dog on board the ship of bachiller (Spanish for egg-head) Enciso. He un-

dertook the journey to mock his creditors. On the high seas, when he came out of the barrel in which he had hidden, the bachiller shook with anger and the soldiers with laughter. Soon after reaching shore Balboa acquired more prestige than Enciso and the dog was given a soldier's salary and a gold collar.

\* \* \*

The bachiller ended by being deported to Spain, and Balboa was appointed interim Governor of Darien. Some time later Balboa wrote to the King: "One grace I would implore Your Highness: \*\*\* that no doctor of laws \*\*\* come to these parts of Tierra Firme, on pain of heavy penalty \*\*\* because no bachiller comes here who is not a devil. \*\*\*" Mrs. Romoli says: "Balboa's outstanding mental quality was common sense."

The Government of Darien was founded in a jungle, on the Gulf of Uraba, not far from Panama, in territory which today belongs to Colombia and which still remains savage. How Balboa could have maintained a colony there for three years is still one of the miracles of the Conquest. He entered as an intruder and the "common" chose him for its Captain. (In a way, an anticipation of Cortés.) King Ferdinand finally accepted the people's choice.

Mrs. Romoli says of the Governor of Veragua, Diego Nicuesa, Balboa's rival: "He was not only inexperienced: he had neither the emotional nor, it would seem, the mental stability for the task in hand. Amateur psychiatry is an indiscreet game, but one cannot help being struck by the increasingly abnormal behavior of the Governor."

The discovery of the Pacific was more a work of intelligence than one of audacity. Balboa found



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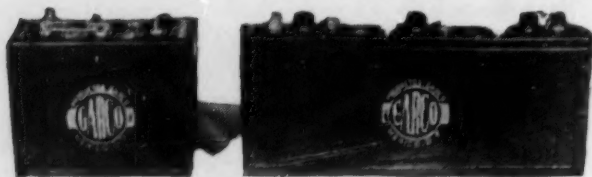
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in the Indian Fulvia, his lover, an aid as valuable as Malinche was to Cortés. She was instrumental in speaking with the caciques (native chiefs). Thus, Balboa found out there was a sea toward the south. He tells the King about this sea in a letter accompanied by a great deal of gold. The news filled the courtiers with enthusiasm. They all wanted to be the discoverers of the new sea. The King entrusted the deed to Pedrarias Dávila. But Balboa smelled the plan at a distance, went ahead and, as Martyr says, "relieved Pedrarias Dávila of both the effort and the glory."

Balboa discovered the sea on Tuesday, Sept. 25, as Oviedo and all his followers say. No—says Mrs. Remoli—it was on the 27th of September because in 1513 the 25th was on a Sunday. The King compensated Balboa by bestowing many titles upon him, but Pedrarias Dávila arrived as Governor and played cat-and-mouse with Balboa, sometimes praising him, sometimes draggings him down. First he put him in prison, in a cage, then he married him off to his daughter, but he finished by blaming him for a fictitious uprising, declaring that a traitor could not be his son and ordered him beheaded.

G. A.

**AMAZON TOWN: A Study of Men in the Tropics.** by Charles Wagley. 303 pp With illustrations by Joao Jose Rescala. New York: The Mac-millan Company.

THE trouble with the Amazon valley is that to this day—at least in Latin America—it has served more as a pretext for adjective-studded anthology pieces than as a subject for serious scientific study. When writing on this rather puzzling region, authors generally lose all sense of proportion. The Amazon specialists seem to fall into two main categories: those who affirm that the valey is a "green hell," where human life is utterly impossible because of the cli-



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mate and the tropical diseases; and those who claim that the Amazon is a kind of heaven, whose natural resources and fertile land will provide, when properly exploited, the greatest source of wealth in the world.

In the first chapter of this very honest and highly readable book, Charles Wagley, Professor of Anthropology at Columbia University, states a number of facts that lead the reader to the conclusion that the Amazon valley is neither hell nor heaven, but rather a kind of limbo. (It will be recalled that theologians situate limbo on the confines of hell.) The author tries to correct the misconception that the heat of the Amazon valley is unbearable. The average temperature at Manaus, deep in the heart of the Amazonian jungle, is 78.1° F., and the difference from day to night is 15 degrees.

As for tropical diseases, the worst of them, malaria, has been controlled to the point where it does not constitute a serious handicap to the development of tropical regions. With regard to the soil, while most specialists contend that it is of a rather poor quality, other soil scientists affirm that 70 per cent of the valley's total area can be cultivated.

\* \* \*

The present book is the result of an inquiry, made under the auspices of Unesco, into the way of life of a small town in the Brazilian Amazon valley. With a true scientist's love for accurate facts but also with a sense of compassion and sympathetic understanding, Mr. Wagley studied the inhabitants of "Itá," a fictitious name disguising a very real small community.

He tells us how the people make a living (chiefly from primitive hand agriculture or, rather, horticulture); what they eat and why, and with what results; how they play, sing, dance and worship God. He also

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gives us an interesting account of their superstitions, legends and myths, of their attitude toward the jungle and the river, and, last but not least, of their reaction to the effects of the Technical Assistance Program and Point Four.

I liked specially the chapter on Social Relations in an Amazon Community, describing distinctions in social rank reminiscent of colonial society in the days when Brazil still belonged to the Portuguese crown. American women will be interested to learn of the social status of the Amazonian women, who in psychological as well as in physical stature bear no resemblance whatever to the legendary Amazons.

The author concludes very aptly that the difference between the Itás and the Plainvilles of the world is not simply a question of natural resources, of the quality of the soil or of climate; neither is it a question of the race of people who inhabit these communities. He insists that the factors that cause differences are social and cultural. Of equal importance with economics, social organization, technology, the value system and several other aspects of culture, he says, is the relationship of the community to national and international centers of economic and political power. He believes that the "conquest" of the Amazon valley will require the adaptation to tropical climates of the techniques and equipment developed during the nineteenth century in countries with a temperate climate.

\* \* \*

Mr. Wagley does not rest all his hopes for the Amazon valley on technology alone. He recognizes the importance of human factors. The change of technique will be of very little avail for the Amazon region if people there do not change too. And, in treating of transformations in "inferior societies," he shows himself to be well aware of the important fact that each culture contains "patterns and concepts of tremendous value to the people themselves, which, if lost, would cause irreparable evil to the functions of the society and loss to our world heritage." He thinks that the folk culture of the Amazon valley contains in its traditions much of great beauty and value that will be needed in the future and must be retained.

He ends his book with these words: "It is to be hoped that a new Amazon culture will be formed combining the productive powers of modern technology and science and the efficiency of modern industry with the many positive values of the present way of life. If the new Amazon culture is achieved, it will be as expressive of the region as that described in this book."

E. V.

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# Current Attractions

## MUSICAL HIGHLIGHTS OF 1953

By Vane C. Dalton

**A**LTHOUGH, as compared with other years, the foregone twelve months have not been conspicuously abundant in musical attractions, we have had quite a few that deserve recapitulation in this brief summary. The lull on our musical stage has reflected the general business recession and has been also partly due to the change in the administration of the National Institute of Fine Arts and the resultant and rather prolonged period of reorganization.

However, in the realm of symphony music, at least in terms of quantity, the year has not been altogether slack. Each of the functioning local ensembles—the National Symphony Orchestra, the Philharmonic Orchestra “Ciudad de Mexico” and the National University Symphony Orchestra—have presented their respective seasons of concerts, which were marked by considerable unevenness in artistic success.

The National Symphony Orchestra, whose season initiated the year's symphonic activities, has not, I must say, surmounted during this year the serious handicap it has been confronting ever since it was created six years ago. This season served once more to reveal it as an ensemble composed in majority of highly competent musicians which lacks a capable and responsible director.

Its initial season could have been important were it not for the widely heterogeneous guest conductors who alternated on its podium. And although the performance of the orchestra throughout the series of

concerts was admirably efficient, it was only under the baton of Joseph Krips that it rose to a level of veritable distinction. This Viennese conductor transformed with a few rehearsals this orchestra into a truly responsive body of inspired performers. As to the other programs, about all one can say is that they were executed in a routinary manner. Unlike Krips, Walter Goehr, conducting this orchestra in subsequent programs elicited from the musicians a rather weak response. His interpretations seemed to lack personality. The Beethoven program conducted by Carlos Chavez was likewise not entirely successful, being marred by his novel and quite unorthodox version. The performance of the three excellent soloists—the pianists, Solomon, Firkusny and the violinist Ida Haendel—could not in itself save the season. The attendance throughout was extremely poor.

“Horizontes,” by the Mexican composer Julian Carrillo, provided a dramatic epilogue to this largely uneventful series of concerts. This composition created a mild sensation in the audience and press for its thematic richness and originality of structure. Performed with the participation of three able soloists—Zeller Mix, violin, Livio Manucci, cello, and Elizabeth Jones, harp—“Horizontes” served as a belated though well-merited homage to a composer whose work, though often performed abroad, has been seldom heard in our midst.

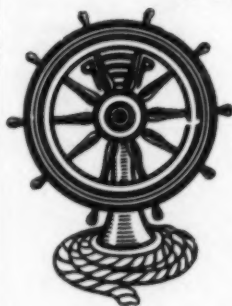
The second season offered by this orchestra later in the year was likewise presented entirely by guest

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conductors. Aaron Copland, Guillermo Espinosa, Robert Lawrence, Lan Adomian and Abel Eisenberg, each conducting one or two programs, achieved very little in the way of enhancing their own reputations, though in aggregate they clearly demonstrated the high degree of this acephalous orchestra's willingness and adaptability. Of the various soloists who appeared with this orchestra, the performance of the young Mexican violinist Enrique Serratos, who executed Chausson's Poem for a Violin and Orchestra, José Kahan, who interpreted Beethoven's Concerto for a Piano and Orchestra, and of the organist Jesús Estrada, who executed Poulenc's Concerto for an Organ and Orchestra, were the most outstanding.

The National University Symphony Orchestra has undoubtedly achieved greater progress in the course of this year than during any other year in its history. Its well attended Sunday morning programs were presented by José F. Vazquez and José Rocabrana, its titular directors, and by the guest conductors, Edouard Van Remoortel and Sixten Eckerberg. The eminent pianists, Walter Hautzig, Shura Cherkassky and Alexander Borovsky, appeared as soloists during this orchestra's quite successful season.

The Philarmonic Orchestra "Ciudad de Mexico" presented a season of six programs, each featuring a distinguished piano soloist. The presence of Arthur Rubinstein, Claudio Arrau and Paul Badura Skoda attracted capacity audiences to the concerts of the brief season, which was staged in the spacious Metropolitan Theatre. José F. Vazquez, Abel Eisenberg and Ernesto Roemer conducted the series.

Rubinstein, who has been heard in Mexico on numerous former occasions, once again fascinated his audience with his superb musicianship and matchless style. Arrau, who is likewise amply known to our public, performed with his usual brilliance and profundity, while the young Paul Badura Skoda, making his local debut, easily held his own though compelled to face comparison with the above two masters.

Each of these three great pianists was also heard in recitals given at the Palacio de Bellas Artes under the auspices of the Daniel Musical Society. Under



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these same auspices our public was given the opportunity to enjoy in the course of the year recitals by the violinist Yehudi Menuhin and of the pianists José Kahan and Alexander Borovsky.

The pianist José Iturbi, who quite a few years ago was heard with considerable frequency in this city returned for a brief visit and offered a concert at the Palacio de Bellas Artes, donating the entire proceeds to the local organization which is collecting funds for the reconstruction of the ancient Colonial building occupied by the National University School of Medicine. He also gave a concert in the patio of this building for the benefit of the students. Following his local performances Iturbi filled various engagements in some of the larger cities in the provinces.

The French pianist Pierre Sancan, whose presence in Mexico did not arouse the resonance it amply deserved, offered a lecture-concert on the music of Debussy in the auditorium of the French Institute of Latin America, wherein he revealed himself to be equally accomplished as musician and lecturer.

The duo concert at the Palacio de Bellas Artes by Alicia and Hector Montfort was one of the year's most agreeable surprises. These artists are, by and large, the finest duo of its kind in Mexico, and they should readily find acceptance and fame abroad.


These, more or less, are the salient musical events of the foregone year.



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**Art Events**

**T**HE Salon de la Plastica Mexicana (Calle de Puebla No. 154), conducted by the National Institute of Fine Arts, is offering a collective prize exhibition of works by the following local artists: Ignacio Aguirre, Raúl Anguiano, Gloria Calero, Fernando Castro Pacheco, Francisco Dosamantes, José García Narezo, José Gutierrez, Desiderio Hernandez Xochitiotzin, Amador Lugo, Guillermo Meza, Alfonso Michel, Roberto Montenegro, Gustavo Montoya, Nicolas Moreno, Nefero, Luis Nishizawa, Isidoro Ocampo and Pablo O'Higgins.

The jury, comprising the painters David Alfaro Siqueiros, Rufino Tamayo and Francisco Goitia and the critic Jorge Juan Crespo de la Serna, announced at the opening of this exhibition that the first prize, that of 10,000 pesos, was awarded to Guillermo Meza for his painting in oil on canvas, titled "Women in the Shade"; the second prize, of 5,000 pesos, to Luis Nishizawa for his painting in oil over masonite, titled "Composition"; and the third prize of 2,000 pesos to Raúl Anguiano for his oil over canvas, titled "Murdered Peasant."

**F**RANCISCO Rodriugez Caracalla, director of the Arte Moderno Gallery, has issued invitations to the opening of an additional exhibit gallery, Salon de la Estampa y Decoración (Calle de Lisboa 48), which will function under his direction and will be exclusively devoted to the showing of prints.

As its inaugural offering the new gallery is presenting a truly outstanding collection of prints in various mediums, excellent examples of work by practically all of our better-known local engravers.

**P**EN DRAWINGS and paintings in water color by the local artist Angel Mauro Rodriguez are being shown at this time by the Galerías Romano (José María Marroqui 5). Landscapes of Mexico and typical scenes of the older sections of the city are the themes imaginatively developed by this artist.



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**S**ALA VELAZQUEZ (Ave. Independencia 68) is presenting a highly interesting group of sculptures and drawings by the versatile Spanish artist Gimenez Botey. The sculpture, consisting of portraits and figures, reveals a well absorbed classical and modern influence as well as considerable force and individuality.

**E**IGHT large canvases, inspired by the theme of the Conquest of Mexico and painted in Spain in the 17th century, are being shown at this time through the courtesy of the British government at the Casa del Arquitecto (Avenida Veracruz 24). These rare paintings, belonging to a private collection in England, represent various episodes of the Conquest, such as the arrival of Cortés and his army at Veraacruz, the baptism of Doña Marina, the battle at Otumba, the attack on Tenochtitlan, the rebellion at Tenochtitlán, the "Noche Triste," and the capture of Cuauhtemoc.

These works were loaned by their owners to the British government, and at the conclusion of the special exhibit will decorate the walls of the local British Embassy.

**R**UFINO TAMAYO is presenting in the course of this month a group of his newer works in oil and water color at the Galeria de Arte Mexicano (Calle de Milan 18).

**A** QUITE voluminous collection of paintings in oil and gouache, as well as several drawings, by Irene de Bohus, was shown through December at the Galeria Arte Contemporaneo (Calle de Amberes 12).

**V**IVID genre paintings on bull fight themes by A. Gonzalez Marcos are on show during this month at Paseo de la Reforma 503.

**T**HE distinguished Mexican painter Manuel Rodriguez Lozano exhibited in the course of the foregone month a large group of his latest works at Avenida Madero 55.

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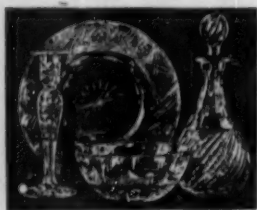
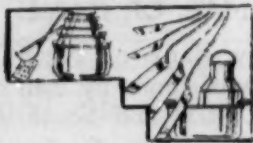
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### Patterns of an Old City

Continued from page 16

These things I say he implied, for though he was a highly articulate person he was not given to abstract delvings: his living philosophy was not a subject of conversation; I am sure, in fact, that having been developed through the spontaneous process of living experience it could not be voiced as a theory. I would say, moreover, that these things belonged to an earlier period of his life, for by the time I came to know him he had apparently already made some concessions to reality, had partly and I suppose inevitably yielded to the exigencies of an environment that was undergoing a swift and drastic change. It was like a seed adrift in the winds that takes on root when it falls on fertile soil, and bears a plant whose growth is guided by the elements.

And yet I am sure that his compromise did not actually signify capitulation, that in his inner being Joe Webb, despite external pressure, remained unchanged. Cherishing his solitude—a solitary in-dwelling which was essentially invulnerable—he revealed no misanthropic traits. Surrounded by people, amiable, gregarious, even to a degree curious about them, he remained intrinsically alone.

It is possible that had his environment remained unchanged, had the Pié de la Cuesta preserved its isolation, Joe Webb would have finished his days in peace and harmony with it. Since his withdrawal was not a negation of life but an acceptance of life upon his own terms, he would have most likely followed the basic course it actually assumed. He would have taken as wife a native girl—one who could never fully intrude upon his solitude—, and as unpossessive as he was, following a normal drift of circumstance,



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would have probably acquired property, would have achieved, as he did, something of power and prominence in his chosen midst. As it happened, however, with Acapulco suddenly annexed to the world, regaining a new kind of glory and fame, he became, though I am sure this was not his desire, a "character," a sort of curio one took in along the sightseeing itinerary around the bay.

\* \* \*

By the time I met him (and I confess that I went out to the Pié de la Cuesta prompted by a degree of curiosity) he had already added two sprawling wings to his squat thatch and adobe cottage, hung out a row of hammocks under rustic, palm-frond covered pergolas on the sand-bank near the surf, conducting as a sideline to his sundry occupations an improvised inn for occasional paying guests. These were a somewhat odd assortment of wayfarers, not of the usual tourist type but of the more intrepid and even a bit eccentric kind who were willing to forego the comforts and glitter of beachside hotels so as to rough it for a while in a rugged and primitive setting. To be sure, it was Tomasita who was in active charge of the inn, Webb being away a great deal of the time, piloting his chugging launch up and down the still, green waters of the lagoon.

Webb knew and loved the lagoon; he knew every nook and turn of it; he knew the sound, the shape, the color and smell of everything around it, and he loved it because it was a place he subdued, dominated not by conquest but self-surrender. The long and narrow lagoon was his lane of traffic, the whole Costa Chica a familiar terrain. The jungle spreading along its banks, the mountains rising to one side blue and purple, row on row over the horizon, the muffled thunder of the sea beyond the jungle and the narrow strip of sand to the other, the miasma rising from the quiet green waters fusing with the agglomerate redolence of countless nameless blooming plants, the marsh-

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weeds blanketting the stagnant pools, the sight of white herons unconcernedly poised among the hyacinth pads, of wildly screeching bright-feathered birds darting in the overhanging trees, of sunset-tinged flamingos slashing across the sky, of the folk inhabiting the huts in the coconut groves—the men, the women and the children whom he knew by their given names—all these things comprised a world, the unblemished primordial world he had found and made his own.

His business largely consisted of hauling freight down the lagoon, of copra, or sacks of rice or sesame seed, but he always carried with him a supply of machetes, candles, little framed chromos of the Virgin of Guadalupe, needles and thread, which he bartered for alligator or iguana skins or pelts of badgers or bobcats. He also usually carried with him a packet of quinine for some malaria-ridden friend and a pair of dentists' forceps to pull out a chance infected tooth.

Joe Webb, or don José, as he was known in the region, was, I figured, in his middle fifties when I knew him. Tall, lean and wiry of built, with a deeply seamed, rough-hewn, leathery face, he walked at a slow rolling gate of either that of a cowman or sailor and looked at the world with serene curiosity and with clear, sea-blue eyes that belied his age. And though he spoke with a faint Southern drawl, without definite statement, by mere allusion when a question was asked, he referred to the East as his birthplace. Hence perhaps there had been some specific reason for his disappearance, some concrete cause for his deliberate seclusion, some cause for flight. Or perhaps this impression was created by his natural reticence to talk about himself or of such things about himself which he deemed irrelevant.

He liked, however, to talk about his present life, and he talked with zest and color and subtle implication. In his living room, lit by kerosene lamps and replete with such sundry objects as fishing spears and shotguns, an ancient phonograph with a pink horn, yawning jawbones of sharks, a tarnished copper anchor and a loudly ticking clock with pendulum and weights, there was a book-shelf with a row of dog-eared volumes, including works of Homer, Dante, Gibbon and Rousseau, and yet his speech betrayed no trace of bookishness. It was the plainly worded speech of a

man with a self-acquired wisdom, an ancient wisdom whose impact on reality was direct and simple and touched the core of things.

Tomasita, spry and buxom, nut-brown, oval-faced, slant-eyed and full-lipped, was, I reckoned, about half his age. She still went barefoot in those days and wore long loose dresses in Indian fashion. But she was already beginning to use a lipstick and wore gim-crack necklaces and earrings. Slowly she was shedding her awkwardness, losing her tramontane innocence and shyness, and under the curious encroaching gaze of outlanders acquiring an air of insouciance and self-assurance. She was no longer cowed by the impact of the outside world. It was yet, of course, a mystery, a realm which she could never fully comprehend or penetrate; she would be for ever standing on its threshold, yet standing firmly, unaware of the conflict and antagonism it defined. It was an odd place, she knew, but it was her place. Her man was an outlander, a strange forerunner of an irrepressible alien incursion; he was a man whom she could never fully possess; but as an Indian she knew, however, that although a man can fully possess a woman, no woman can ever fully possess a man. Hence she was content to remain at the threshold, seeking only to adjust herself to her indeterminate place, and thus to hold it securely.

This, guided by instinct, by the need of self-preservation, she understood was the obvious course. For though at the beginning, when Webb chose her for a mate, he thereby also chose her world (this indeed was his final act of severance, of renunciation), now his own world, the world he had renounced, caught up with it, was slowly invading it, was transforming it into a new and hybrid region where neither he or she could remain unchanged. And so gradually, intuitively, she perceived that though she could never emerge from the threshold, she needed power to hold it securely, and that power was bred on possession. She perceived the veritable nature of the outlander and the source of his strength. Her inherent wantlessness yielded to an urge to own, to acquire, to hold, or even to squander or destroy. She learned how to wear shoes, freed her hair of constricting braids, cut it short and mastered the use of curling irons. The inn pros-



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pered under her care; money was rolling in fast, and she discovered that it was safer to keep it in a bank than hidden in some improvised cache inside the house.

Her world became enlarged in scope and was full of potential discovery and gain. And presently her acquisitiveness wandered off into more abstruse and intangible channels: it extended beyond purely material things. She discovered that in this hybrid world, in this mysterious cosmogony, possession itself was a relative condition, that one could take the things one desired, even forbidden things, that they were, in fact, always there and ready to be taken, that perhaps the ultimate and most rewarding possessions were the kind that did not render one possessed, that could be held as long as they were desirable and thrown away at will. She discovered—and this too mostly by observing the conduct of men and women in the outland world—that there was no fixed or final possession in men and women living together, that living together they yet managed to live their separate and often even secret lives.

Joe Webb had figured as a motive force in the early phase of this cosmogony; but now he dropped off in the background. During the periods of his absence, which grew longer and more frequent as time went on, young fellows commenced to loiter around the place—the new type of native beachcombers, singing, drinking, guitar-playing pachuecos with Tarzan haircuts and Waikiki shirts. In her own way Tomasita crossed the threshold.

\* \* \*

"So you never saw him again," I said.

"No. I was in Detroit three days after we met, but he never showed up." Sturgess crushed his cigarette in the ashtray and took a slow thoughtful sip of black coffee. "No. I never saw him again. I have an idea that maybe he felt kind of ashamed. You see, when we parted that time, shaking hands, I slipped him a ten-dollar bill, and he held it clasped in his hand and said nothing, just looked at me in a strange kind of way and said nothing at all, not even thanks... He just turned away and walked down the street."

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## Government Works and Industries

Continued from page 29

Telephone system was expanded. Six television and seventeen radio broadcasting concessions were granted. Two new radio-communications stations were established, fifteen more modernized. The official report added that special attention was given to servicing press messages, establishing radio-transmission links with Central and South America. The Department of Communications in 1951 reported the addition of 431 new postal agencies, with total mail carried during the previous twelve months numbering 610 million pieces with postal drafts amounting to 885 million pesos.

National production of electrical energy has increased from 2,524 million kilowatt-hours in 1941 to 4,423 million kilowatt-hours in 1951—a local estimation—but still lags behind industrial and business development and urbanization. In another accounting, the 1951 N.N.E.C.L.A. report put installed capacity at 820,000 kilowatts in 1948, and at 1,150,000 kilowatts in 1950, with output increased from 3.3 billion watt-hours in 1948 to 3.75 billions in 1950. In comparison, Texas had 2½ million kilowatt capacity in 1952. At any rate, power and light shortages recur throughout Mexico, and only a beginning has been made in the field of rural electrification a movement which could help toward overcoming the serious deficiencies in agricultural production there.

U.N.E.C.L.A. further noted that of the 673 million pesos invested in electric generating systems from 1948 to 1950, 51 per cent came from loans by the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development and the Export-Import Bank, in favor of the Federal Electricity Commission and the Compania de Luz y Fuerza Motriz, S. A. Westinghouse, General Electric, and Aluminum Company of Canada, adding technical assistance, are among the foreign interests in Mexican electrical development, of which about 40 per cent of the projects represented foreign capital by 1949. In January 1952, the World Bank granted Mexico a 29.7-million-dollar loan for seven electric power developments.

During the past ten years, a 1¾-billion-peso investment has been made in dams, both for hydroelectric power and for irrigation, and dam building and related works continue as a major phase of the public works program. The Federal Electricity Commission anticipates that rural development based on irrigation will automatically provide demand for electric power from the dams. A 1951 estimate was that water power's share of mechanical energy consumed in Mexico increased only from 9 to 11 per cent between 1930 and 1950, but that meant a doubled output in absolute

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terms. Pertinently, the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America warned in its 1951 report on Mexico:

"On the basis of foreseeable consumption trends, there must be a considerable increase in the output of electricity during the next five years if the development of the country is to continue at its present rate. Consequently, a high proportion of the country's investment in the next five year period will have to be devoted to the construction and expansion of electric systems."

In March 1951, the Director General of Statistics reported that 30 per cent of Mexican investments are in public works, and the remainder in industry. The report concluded that approximately 90 per cent of Mexican investments in public works are financed domestically and only 10 per cent with foreign credits. President Aleman reported in September 1951 that productive public works took more than a fourth of federal income during the previous year and that most public works were being financed by concurrent tax revenues, though some were being financed by contractors' funds to be charged against the next year's budget, a dubious practice. A heavy outlay, nevertheless, is still being made through domestic and foreign credits. Local Material Improvements Boards also invested 38 million pesos in public works during the administrative year ending 1 September 1951.

During the same period 111 million pesos of public and private money was spent on water and sewage systems. Water systems were completed in 85 communities of 335,000 total inhabitants, and started in 103 other centers with 3 million total population. The government also is participating in the recent home-building 'boom,' financing directly and indirectly low-cost and low-rent housing projects, primarily for workers. Houses figured substantially in the 200 million pesos of credit extended in 1951 by the National Mortgage and Public Works Bank as did irrigation works, water, and sewer systems, roads, markets, slaughter houses, power plants, and stores. The quarter of a billion peso Lerma Water System was completed in 1951 to satisfy Mexico City's rising demand.

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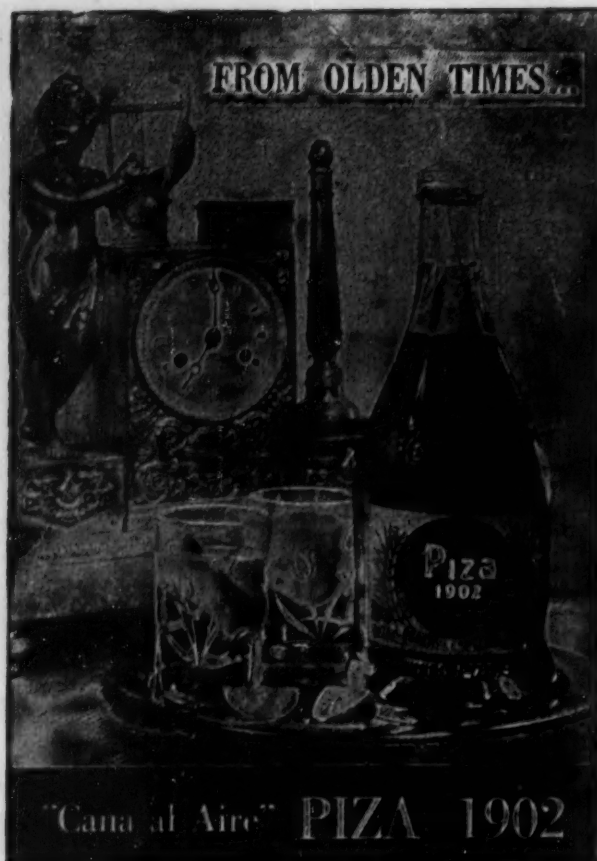
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Electrification development alone, during the administrative year that ended 1 September 1951, cost nearly a quarter of a billion pesos, adding more than 100,000 kilowatts capacity to that noted above. The foregoing figures should give a fair idea of the economic effort that Mexico is dedicating to public works.

For primary capital investments needed to serve as the foundation for the industrialization program—that is, public works contributing directly to national production—Mexico, it has been estimated roughly, may need something in the neighborhood of three billion dollars in the immediate future to accomplish desirable goals. It is difficult, it not impossible, to imagine effective support for bond issues, taxation, inflationary deficit spending, or foreign credits—all past and current means of financing public works—sufficient to meet that demand. And even if that were possible, it is more than doubtful that Mexico's under the most favorable conditions, could stand the strain. Probably the industrialization goals will have to be lowered, or their achievement scheduled farther into the future, to permit the primary base of public works to be more substantially laid.

### In the Cloud Forests of Chiapas

Continued from page 25

From a botanical standpoint, the most exciting finds were two species that had never before been collected in Mexico. One caught our eye from a distance as a brilliant red spot on an oak branch. When one of the boys climbed up and brought it down, we discovered that it was an orchid plant about a foot tall, with a pyramidal cluster of red flowers, each about an inch in diameter. The other was a very small insect-catching plant, known as Drosera, with glandular hairs bent inward to catch and digest any insect landing on its round leaves. In the United States it grows in sphagnum bogs, but at Montebello we found it all over the ground on a bare hilltop.

Even though we spent most of the time collecting we stopped occasionally to swim in the lakes or to visit at one of the Indian huts scattered all through the forest. We enjoyed getting acquainted and seeing the Indians' pleasure when we gave them cheese and crackers, cookies, and candy from our stock of U.S. provisions. Even more prized by everyone were the old Christmas cards we had brought along for the children. We did not know any of the Indians' languages, but some of them knew enough Spanish to make conversation possible. They could not understand why two white-haired U.S. women should want to collect plants in their forests, unless for medicinal purposes.

After two days without rain, Javier thought we should head back for Comitán, lest we be marooned at the ranch. We left our new friends with regret and

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arrived in Comitán just as the sun was setting behind that beautiful old town.

The journey home on the paved Pan American Highway was uneventful in comparison with our collecting trips. We had been gone six months and put nine thousand miles on the jeep, not counting all the miles we had covered on foot. On our three expeditions, one to El Salvador, one to Honduras, and the Chiapas trip, we have collected almost ten thousand plants of 2,600 different species, and are convinced that nothing beats plant-collecting for getting to know a country and its people. We are certain that no other gringos have been where we have been, seen what we have seen, or enjoyed Chiapas and its inhabitants as much as we have.

### American Rhapsody

Continued from page 20

ter, a Negro who was the incarnation of all that was good and efficient, was already beginning to mumble. She didn't like "dat dark debble" one bit, and furthermore, as the widow of a Baptist minister, she was unduly concerned over Mrs. R's morals. As for her friends, Mrs. R. had moraculously avoided them. The stories she had invented over the telephone, however, were getting more and more fantastic. Another week and she would be found out. And then—oh, God! In her extremity she actually did call on God.

Perhaps God heard Mrs. R. for the very same day something wonderfully providential happened. They were out driving when Julio, whose curiosity was insatiable, asked to drive the car, and, having long ago ceased to care what happened to her, Mrs. R. consented. Julio had only been at the wheel a few minutes when he managed to sideswipe a passing car, and instead of stopping he went blithely ahead. A few blocks farther on two motorcycle cops stopped him. They were not in a particularly good mood, and, even though Julio couldn't understand much of what they were saying, he instinctively felt were insulting him. So he proceeded to burst forth in Spanish, punctuated here there with a few spicy Americanisms he had picked up in the movies. Meanwhile Mrs. R. weakly tried to intervene, but the law quickly took its course, and Julio was triumphantly borne off to jail.



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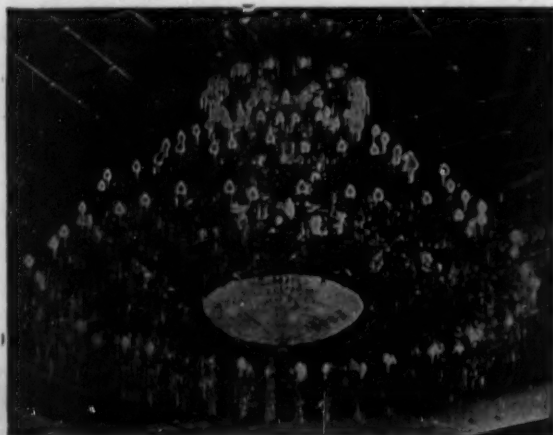
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and there he was booked with a rich variety of mis-  
demaneors.

The following day Mrs. R. saw her attorney. He remarked that he had never seen her look so lovely, which was probably true, for Mrs. R. felt very happy indeed. She explained what she wanted done. She handed him an envelope containing a railroad ticket to Mexico City and a ten-dollar bill and another envelope containing Julio's bail money. Yes, everything was perfectly clear to the attorney. He would go to jail with an interpreter who would convince Julio that he was a doomed man. Then an hour before train time he would go back to the jail with Julio's belongings, arrange bail, and make believe he was rescuing him. He would then put him safely on the train. If he inquired about Mrs. R. she had also escaped from jail and had taken a plane to Borneo or any other place as far removed. Yes, he understood perfectly.

Everything worked out just as Mrs. R. had planned. The only thing she forgot was Julio's charro costume—which she intentionally forgot. It is still hanging in her bedroom closet. She often thinks about Julio and misses him dreadfully.

### The Love-Life of the Jumping Bean

Continued from page 18

larva does not damage the walls of the pod. It grows along with the normal ones, and cannot be distinguished from them, except when opened. It lives off the green seed in the first section, until it is time to change its skin. Then it gnaws a hole through the connecting wall into the next section, leaving its skin behind. This process is repeated a second, and finally, a third time. When the pod has reached full maturity, the worm has attained its maximum size, and its complicated set of instincts has started to function.

I have mentioned the fact that the normal seed pods of the "yerba de flecha" snap open with a sharp report when they are ripe, and throw their seeds like tiny shot. Instinct warns the larva of this, in some manner, and it seals this third chamber with a thin layer of tough silk, to keep it from flying apart. The

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other two sections of the pod have not been treated, so when the right time comes, they explode, rending the worm in its sealed pod on the first leg of its journey. Then it jumps until the pod has been wedged under something protective, and, once in such a spot, ceases to jump unless disturbed or exposed to light. During the next six months the beans are good jumpers, if they are moved about every few days.

At the end of six months the really startling example of instinct takes place inside the bean. The larva is ready to become a pupa, and it makes rather elaborate preparations. Since a moth has no teeth with which to cut its way out of the hard shell, the larva cuts a hole as an "escape hatch" for its other self. The small cut disk of shell is then attached in place by a layer of fine silk, and the larva again changes its skin and becomes a pupa inside of a tiny gauzy cocoon, which it has woven with its mouth, attached to the trap door.

To show that nature and instinct are not infallible and that selection through survival of the fittest is still taking place, I studied several hundred jumping beans that had pupated. Five of the lot failed to cut holes in their shells like their fellows. Instinct had "slipped." I opened two of these and found they contained perfectly normal living pupas; one had even attached its filmy cocoon to the wall of the bean, but had failed to cut the door. The other had simply changed to a pupa without any preparation for the future. These two "unfit" fellows hatched at the same time as the normal ones, and appeared to be average looking and acting moths. I have little doubt that if they had been allowed to breed they would have produced an offspring with high percentage of error in the instincts necessary to survival. I opened the other three a week after the rest had hatched, and found small malformed moths, which had not developed normally because of the cramped conditions. They had died—paying the price of unfitness for survival. Man is nature's only creature which tampers with these laws regarding himself, and sometimes, the creatures about him. Thinking people



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can draw several useful lessons from the life history of the jumping bean.

Why such an interesting life cycle as this needs any "gilding" is beyond me, but I have seen some remarkable attempts at just that, in recent years. In 1942, I wrote an article which was published in the "Saturday Evening Post," called "What Makes the Jumping Bean Jump?" This story precipitated a deluge of crank letters, the like of which I have never read before. A good many of them made no bones about calling me a romantic liar (in a nice way, of course). One woman assured me that the whole thing was a "lot of hokum." "Jumping beans," she contented, "are nothing but ordinary 'garbanzos' or chick-peas, with weevils in them."

There followed, for the next two years, a regular "rash" of short articles on jumping beans, some quoting my findings and other badly garbled pieces of misinformation. I think the high point was reached when a certain magazine published "an action photograph of a jumping bean, leaping as much as two inches." The caption under the picture went on to explain that the heat from the photographer's flood light had brought on these prodigious feats. Actually, I have placed jumping beans under all sorts of heat and light, including infra-red and ultra-violet, and have never been able to make a bean leave the surface on which it was resting by as much as a quarter of its own width. Left alone for an hour, a jumping bean can cover a surprising distance in horizontal space, but none of the thousands I have had under observation ever tried to become aviators—even under photo flood lights.

In my patio at home I have a good many living mementos of my Sonoran trips, in the form of growing plants which have adapted themselves remarkably well to our desert climate. Two of the most prized are my seedlings of *Sebastiania pringlei*. They are higher than my head, now, and someday I hope to raise jumping beans right here in the yard where I can study them even more carefully, and record on photographic film each step of their development. I shouldn't wonder if there are still other facts to be discovered about these fascinating "jitterbugs" and their interesting host, the yerba de flecha.

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### Un Poco de Todo

Continued from page 33

waste disposal by regular methods is generally expensive."

Experiments carried out in a small experimental pond indicate that from one to two days are required for sewage decomposition and that 1,000,000 gallons of sewage would yield about 1,000 ponds of dry algae. A larger algae production pond, 15 x 60 x 1½ feet deep, will soon be in operation for further studies. If the Gotaas-Oswald plan is successful a satisfactory method of harvesting algae will have to be developed.

### The Mystery of the Mayan Temple

Continued from page 15

lenque priests when they last left it and sealed the door. I imagined the massive walls echoing invocations to Itzamná in the old Maya language; I strove to efface the centuries.

The room was, for its situation, enormous—almost the widest known Maya room, about ten by thirty feet. The vaulted ceiling rose twenty-two feet above the floor, and was strengthened by five massive and perfectly wrought stone beams. The masonry was admirable, the faces of the stones smooth, carefully fitted and covered with a thin coating of stucco. Across the walls marched nine great low-relief stucco figures of sumptuously garbed priests in larger-than-natural size. These doubtless represented the nine underworlds.

But our eyes constantly wandered toward the central feature, the great, beautifully carved stone slab. It measured more than seven by twelve feet, was nearly a foot thick, and must have weighed all of five tons. And it was in "mint" condition, its figures as sharp as though they had been made yesterday. There were fifty-four Maya hieroglyphs on the edges. Of these we could read only a few—those which gave dates. Most of the dates were incomplete, as though we would write "Saturday, July 4" without a year. But there were two which we could identify more exactly.

"Can you read that writing, chief?" asked Guadalupe Pech.

"Only the dates," I replied. "There's one that comes out to A.D. 603, and another is January 27, 633. January twenty-seventh is also my birthday."

"Then certainly what that stone says is that you would come someday to discover what is buried down here; it's a prophecy."



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On the top surface was a border of astronomical glyphs among which we could distinguish those for the sun, moon, Polaris and Venus, also some human heads; this probably represented the universe. The main central figure was that of a young man, leaning backward and seated on a large mask of the Earth Monster. His high social rank was shown by his deformed head and his jade ornaments. Above him—or out of him—arose an element in the form of a cross, much like the crosses in other tablets here at Palenque, a conventionalized representation of the corn plant.

The two arms of the cross ended in wide-open mouths of the two-headed serpent, and a quetzal bird with the face of the Rain God perched on the top. Of course every element was very stylized and, as in most primitive art, every space was filled with some symbol.

I interpret the scene as symbolizing the yearning of man for an after-life. One can't be sure whether the figure depicts mortal man in general or a specific individual for whom the monument was built. He is doomed by fate to be swallowed by the earth, on which he reclines. But in hope of eternal life he gazes fervently at the cross, the symbol of corn and therefore of life itself.

But that great slab was only a cover, and beneath it was an immense block of stone ten feet long, seven wide and more than three feet high. It rested on six massive rectangular supports, the four corner ones carved with human heads and some glyphs. However, it appeared that before the crypt had been abandoned the great block had begun to crack, so the builders had buttressed it with rude masonry that filled the greater part of the chamber almost up to the level of the carved slab cover.

Eager as we were to continue the work and to follow the mystery to its conclusion, we had to stop

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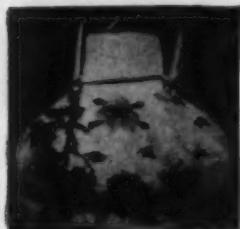
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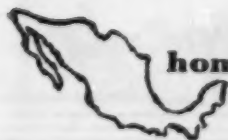
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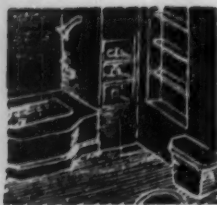
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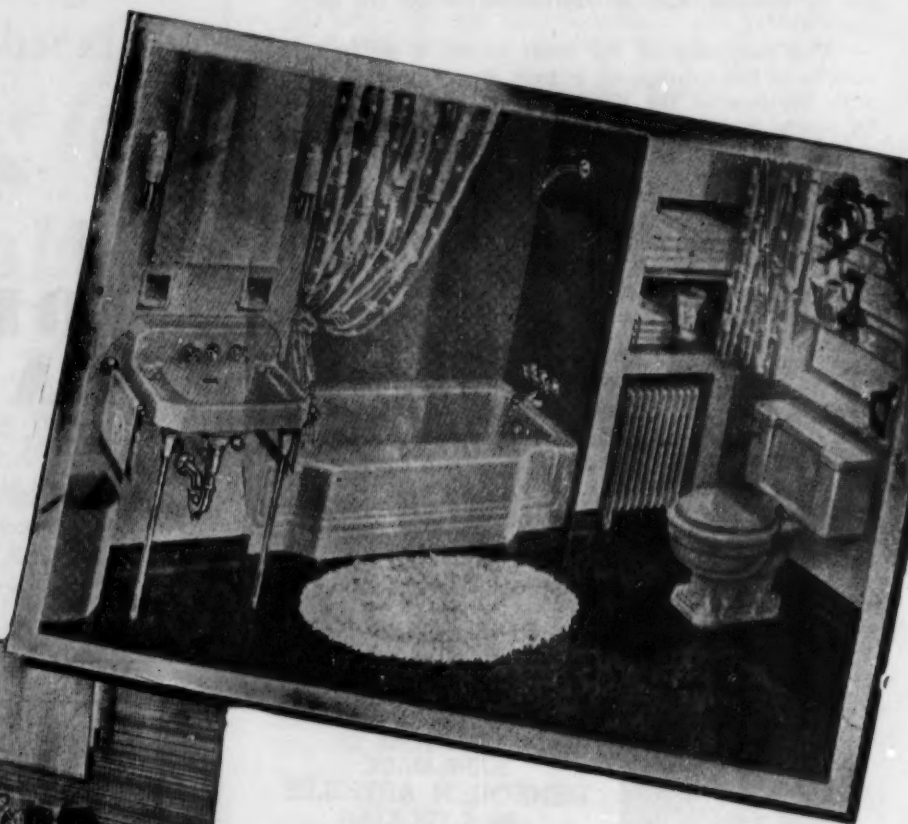


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because of the rainy season. Water ran down the walls and down the stalactites, and the constant dampness was too much for us. But as soon as the rains let up a bit, in mid-November, we were back again.

Suspecting that the ponderous block might be hollow, we brought with us in the fall an auger with which to make a test boring. It was a long, slow, monotonous job of several days to get through that hard stone. But finally the bit sank in. So it was hollow. I put my eye to the drill hole and saw something red, but could not make out any details. We now knew that this wasn't just a massive table altar, as we had at first supposed. It was a great stone receptacle, and something was inside.

Our next task, then, was to lift the heavy, carved cover slab. We estimated that it weighed about five tons. We couldn't take any chances of injuring either the slab or ourselves. And we had only the simplest equipment for the job, a few heavy-duty builder's jacks. But these, with what we could find in the forest, were enough.

November 27, 1952, will always be a red-letter day in my memory. At six A.M. the men started out in search of bari trees, the strongest and heaviest wood in the region. They sawed four short, thick trunk sections, brought them along a path deep in mud, carried them up the steps of the pyramid and lowered them by ropes down the inside stairway to the crypt. These logs, standing on end, served as solid supports for the jacks. And as the carved cover slab protruded sufficiently over the sides of the underlying stone box, it was possible to place a log and jack under each of the four corners.

By evening all was ready for the grand opening. We could start lifting the lid. In my excitement I had lost all sense of time, and way down there inside the pyramid we never did know whether it was day or night. But the foreman, Agustín Alvarez, knew what time it was.

"Six o'clock, patrón," said Agustín. "And the

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men have worked twelve hours without eating. Hadn't we better knock off till tomorrow?"

"We're going to work till we get to the end of this!" I told him firmly. "Send for some tortillas, beans and coffee for all of us."

Thus fortified, the men manned the jacks. Slowly the great stone cover began to rise. Its under surface, we saw, was beautifully smooth. What master masons those old Mayas were—and without any metal implements, mind you, only stone tools and abrasives. But as the slab was lifted, inch by inch, we were surprised to find that a smaller, inside cover lay below it. Also of stone and smoothly finished, the inner cover was about seven feet long and thirty inches wide. It was of a peculiar curved outline, with one end flared like a fishtail. And at either end was a pair of round holes, fitted with stone plugs exactly like those we had found in the temple floor far above us. By now we knew that these were lifting holes.

We worked on, breathless with excitement. Every time we jacked the great carved top up an inch we slipped a section of board under it so that, if a jack slipped, the massive sculpture wouldn't fall. When we had raised it about fifteen inches, my curiosity got the best of me.

"I can't wait any longer, boys," I said. "Here I go!" And I crawled under the top slab. The plugs in the holes of the inner cover had been protected from the lime-laden water, so I got them out with little difficulty. Trembling with excitement, I put the electric-light bulb to one hole and my eye to the other.

My first impression was a mosaic of green, red and white. Then it resolved itself into details—green jade ornaments, red painted teeth and bones, and fragments of a mask. I was gazing at the death face of him for whom all this stupendous work—the crypt, the sculpture, the stairway, the great pyramid with its crowning temple—had been built, the mortal remains of one of the greatest men of Palenque! This, then, was a sarcophagus, the first ever found in a Maya pyramid.

After that glimpse it didn't take us long, with ropes through the holes, to get that queer-shaped,

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rather thin stone cover off, and there the great man was, laid out full length, at the bottom of the deep stone basin, the interior of which had been painted red. Although the bones were so decayed and fragile that we could not make precise measurements to determine his physical type—and the skull was in bad shape—he appeared to have been a robust man of forty or fifty, and of good height—about five feet, eight inches. This is six inches taller than the average Maya Indian of Yucatan today. His teeth, although painted red, were normal and were not inset or filed, which was unusual for an adult Maya of high rank.

The great man—he was probably a priest—had no gold ornaments, but there were quantities of jade objects—beads, rings on every finger, bracelets, ear ornaments and exquisitely carved figurines. These were in the form of flowers, little gourds, bats, snake heads, human figures with the characteristics of certain Maya gods. The buried man had a jade ornament in each hand and another in his mouth, and his neck and shoulders were covered with a huge collar-and-breast ornament of jade beads. On his face were the remnants of a mask of jade mosaic, which we have since reassembled. The eyes of the mask were of shell, with inlaid bits of obsidian to form the iris. The only other ornament not of jade was what at first seemed to be an enormous pearl an inch and a half long. This turned out to be several curved pieces of mother-of-pearl shell cleverly fitted and glued together. He must have been dressed in rich vestments, but, unfortunately, only the barest traces of these remain. That is a great pity, for we have hardly a piece of pre-Columbian textile left from the Mexican region.

This, then, was the solution of our Maya mystery, the end of our long, laborious, stone-moving journey. It had taken us four seasons to reach this hidden burial place, this magnificent carved sarcophagus. We knew that the great box and its covers could never have been brought down the narrow stairway we had used. How did the ancient Mayas get it there?

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We reasoned that the sarcophagus must have been built first, in an excavation dug in the ground, and that the pyramid with its crowning temple was then constructed over it. Whether all this was done after the man's death or before, we do not know. He may have planned the tomb himself and supervised its construction.

When he was finally placed in the sarcophagus those who buried him broke a jade mosaic and laid it on top of the carved cover slab, above the corn cross, where we found it. They also laid there a necklace of nine slate pendants, and beneath the sarcophagus they placed two beautiful stucco heads, broken from larger figures and painted red, possibly in simulation of decapitated human sacrifices. Then, as we reconstruct the event, the Mayas began filling up the stairway with rock and dirt, and at the door to the crypt they sacrificed the six youths to be eternal companions of the great man in the next world.

\* \* \*

However, the living Mayas wanted to keep in touch with the spirit of their dead priest. So, as they went up, filling the stairway, they built that curious little conduit. This begins at the side of the sarcophagus in the form of a serpent made of lime, runs along the corridor and up the long stairway, like a hollow molding, until it reaches the floor of the temple. It is really a remarkable feature; we called it a "psychic duct."

What we have found here, beneath the Temple of the Inscriptions, is certainly unique in the Maya area, at least so far as our present knowledge goes. We know of no other Maya pyramid containing an interior crypt and staircase, although I expect to examine others at Palenque. The whole arrangement, of course, reminds one of the Egyptian pyramids,

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which were built as tombs for the Pharaohs. But they were constructed 3000 years before those at Palenque. As I have already indicated there are a number of resemblances between Maya structures and those found in Cambodia in Indo-China. Was the great man buried here at Palenque a Cambodian, from distant Asia? Well, who knows? I suppose that, for the believers in trans-Pacific contacts, it is not impossible. But to me he was just a great chief of Palenque, possibly the founder of that great Maya city. Human nature is much the same the world over and, given similar conditions, its reactions and constructions will be somewhat the same. Parallel evolution, not diffusion, is my explanation.

### The Semi-Final

Continued from page 12

Ed sat down and wiped his face with his handkerchief. Elsa opened her mouth, and closed it again. "Did you make me a heel!" burst out Ed.

The storm signals rose unmistakable, but Elsa couldn't resist this opening. "Me? I made you a heel? You were born a heel!" she said bitterly.

"Maybe. Maybe. But you helped. Jeez, if the sports writers in the States hear about this one!"

His right hand rearranged the matches, but his left clenched and unclenched. Her lower lip quivered slightly as her eyes traveled from his left fist to his face. Her fingers plucked at her necklace. For once the steering wheel threatened to slip her hands. "The sport writers..." Her impulse to make a sarcastic reference to the interest of the sports writers in the States flickered out.

Ed shook his head. "All those other guys—that one in the Rex Theater, that one in the park, and those others..."

"Ed, can I help it if men stare at me?" Elsa asked reasonably. When her breast rose and fell, something inside seemed to catch at it. She kept her eyes on his face, but always that fist, so compact, so hard, hovered like a spot in the lower rim of her vision.

His eyes dwelled on the cerise hat, the bleached hair, the heavy rouge, the splashily flowered dress. "You might dress different."

"Why, Ed, you always liked my clothes!" The plaintiveness in her voice was not assumed.

"Yeh, I did, didn't I!"

"What has come over you, Ed?" She looked at him beseechingly. "I never saw you like this!"

**B.**

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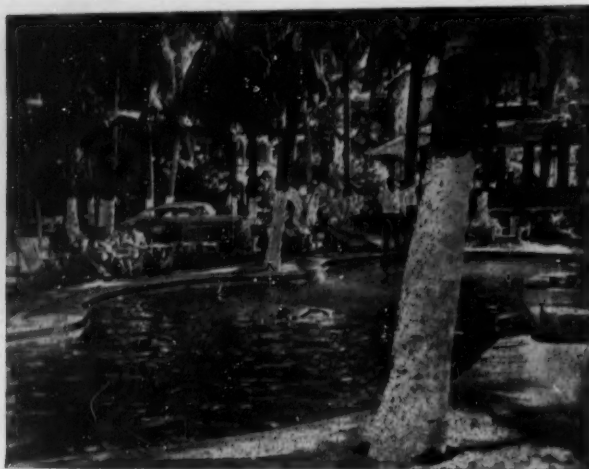
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The waiter laid their check on the table and stood with Ed's hat in his hand, his stocky body straight, his brown eyes hard, his round Indian face unsmiling. "La cuenta, señor ..."

Ed swept the matches into the box with the bull-fighter on it and picked up the check.

"This one," he said, "is blind!"

**The Lost Cow Bell**

Continued from page 10

from Julián Ybarra and he hasn't finished deliver-  
ing yet—"

"I forgot to say, señor," interrupted Cayetano, "Julián Ybarra says that now he doesn't want to make any more."

"Well, are Guadalupe's bricks any good?"

"Equal of good," said Cayetano, "to those of Julián. You wouldn't know the difference. You see, they're very closely related, and d'you know, I think they arranged themselves together about the bricks."

Professor Fountanney did not like Cayetano. Though he wanted quite a lot of service, he was always annoyed because Cayetano spent so much time sitting about doing nothing. But here, where so many errands have to be run, where there are no telephones, it had seemed to me a convenience to have a servant always on call to run and buy a box of matches, to take a note, to fetch a glass. And since I have no bells in the house that servant must be in a prominent place, easily called. Mrs. Fountanney would certainly have missed Cayetano, for she is one of those people who settle themselves in an armchair with an extensive equipment of books, needlework, and so on, and who invariably have forgotten one knitting needle, or the magazine with the article they are in the midst of reading, or the sock for which they have brought all the darning materials. I explained all this to the Professor.

"Personally, I like to go on these little errands myself," he said. "Get to know the village."

"Yes, but many people don't want to."

"Much better to have a cowbell. I don't in the least mind buying one for myself."

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But the thought of my guests wandering round with cowbells and occasionally no doubt sounding a simultaneous carillon was unattractive, and besides, I had an idea that, were no servant about, I would find myself more than ever the recipient of all requests. However, the Professor bought a cowbell, and he would thrust his arm outside his door and ring it mournfully for Cayetano, who was sitting three yards away. And when he went in to meals, he took the cowbell with him.

I doubt whether it would have been possible to give Professor Fountanne the immediate service he liked in the dining room, unless by allotting to him alone two servants so that there would always be one at hand, and that he would not have cared for since he was always saying he didn't like being watched at table. It was quite remarkable how often he wanted something just when both Cayetano and Nieves were out of the room, but now he had the bell. It was a metal cowbell with a deep, powerful, lugubrious note; it echoed like a foghorn under the brick roof, and it could be heard all over the huerta; it reverberated through the kitchen and made Apolonia cry "Dios de mi vida!" It boomed down by the vegetable beds, and when he heard it little Silvanito would cross himself. It had a note of doom. I think it gave everyone the jitters. And then one day it disappeared.

The hunt went on for days, but nowhere could the bell be found. Everyone searched like mad, but all the same there was a lightness about the house as though a cloud had been lifted. The Professor went seldom to Guadalajara, and you can't buy cowbells in Ajijie. Then I found the bell. It was in my room behind some books.

"Are you sure you've no idea where the bell got to?" I asked Cayetano.

"I don't know at all, señor," he said, but in such a manner that I was convinced he had hidden it.

I am afraid that I connived at the sequestration of the Professor's property. The bell had gotten on my nerves too; it was not really necessary, and as Mrs. Fountanne hadn't made the slightest effort to look for it, I felt sure she didn't much want it found. We went on without the bell, and Nieves and Cayetano waited on the Professor so efficiently that he had hardly any cause to complain.

Then one night I heard a curious sound outside in the huerta. We had lost a spade and a mattock,

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both left about by Silvanito, for Indios will leave any tool where they have been using it, and I am quite incapable of making an evening checkup of everything used during the day. I thought it might be a thief. From my window I saw shadows moving among the young orange trees. There were two forms. Now in Mexico you have a right to shoot at anyone who is trespassing on your land at night, and if you kill him, well that is his fault. However, such drastic measures did not appeal to me, and for all I knew the men were armed themselves. The dogs were fast asleep. As house watchers they are not up to much, and had I put them out it was ten to one that Tippet would have made friends with the intruders and Monk would have barked at a safe distance. Then my eye fell on the Professor's cowbell. I shone my flash out of the window and rang the bell, and its deep, minatory clang boomed out into the night like a tocsin, like the summons to the Last Day. In the beam of the light I saw two figures fleeing. I rang them over the wall.

"What do you think?" said Silvanito, in the morning. "Over there, where I left the hoe and the spoon for planting and the sprinkler for the can, I found this knife, and it doesn't belong to anybody here, and Lola says she heard a terrible noise in the night, a very terrible noise, and she is sure there was a fight, a very bad fight, though she cannot see any blood on the ground anywhere, but Nieves said she heard the noise too, and it was the sort of noise the Devil makes, and he left the knife."

I took the knife to my room and gave orders that if anybody inquired for it he should be brought to me. Nobody came. But I had to give the Professor back his cowbell. Fortunately, within a few days, Fordyce threw it into the lake. At least, the bell disappeared, and both Cayetano and Lady Connemara said that they had seen him throw something into the lake from the end of the jetty. The Professor asked him about it.

"What bell?" said Fordyce.

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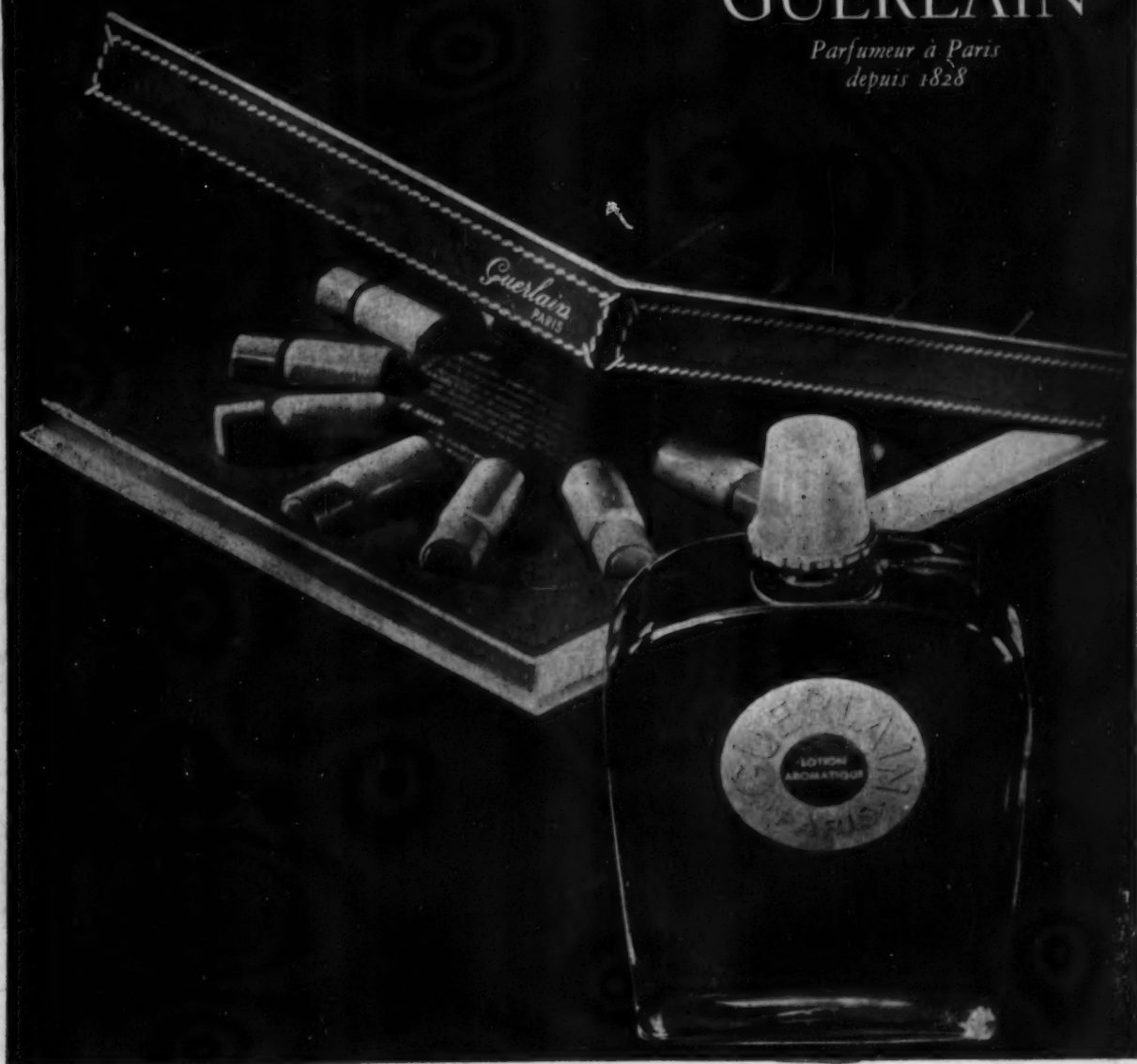
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